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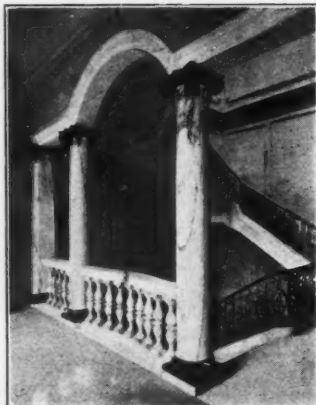


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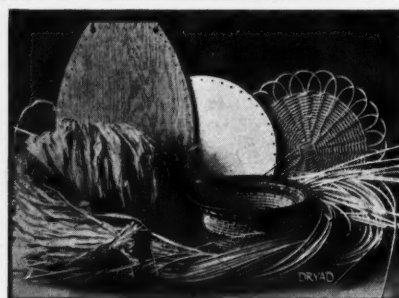
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1917.

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RITA MARTIN.

MISS ENID LEYLAND SPEED.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

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The War Office notifies that all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Rumania, neutral Countries in America, and the Dependencies of neutral European Countries in Africa should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2.

THE FARMER IN A RIGHT PERSPECTIVE

AS Mr. Pike Pease reminded Mr. Prothero's audience at Darlington, the President of the Board of Agriculture once played cricket for the Gentlemen of England, and he has always played the game in all his activities. What is wanted just now is that other Departments of State, the Press and the public alike, shall play the game in their treatment of the farmer. Mr. Prothero showed a reserve and loyalty to his colleagues which may well be imitated by them, not only in speech, but also in their attitude to British agriculture at the time of its greatest testing. No one pretends that the farmer has not made money during the three years of war, but it has lately been impossible for the arable farmer to feed cattle at present prices and to make even a very small profit, and Mr. Prothero justly dismissed the charge of profiteering as grotesque. The critics conveniently forget what the great task of increased corn production involves. They hear of cattle fetching

good prices in the markets, but they do not know what it means to the farmer to put another hundred acres under wheat at the call of patriotism and to find when he has threshed that the crop has not yielded the cost of the seed. Yet this has happened neither once nor twice. The arable task set for the season just past was not only achieved, but exceeded. That is of good augury for the five-fold greater task of 1917-18. But "more land under the plough means an increase of responsibility, of anxiety and liabilities, and if next season proves like that lately experienced with a wet, lagging harvest, it will damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic corn grower."

In the same breath the farmer is asked to add three million acres of corn in conditions of expense and difficulty beyond all human experience, to do it with labour inadequate in quantity and, still worse, inferior in quality, to provide meat at prices below the cost of production, and to maintain the milk supply with the available tonnage of concentrated foods reduced to one-half. Mr. Prothero appealed to the dairy farmers to stick to the job of milk production in the dogged spirit of the men who are fighting on sea and land, because the child life of the nation depends on them. We doubt not they will give a good answer, but it is fair to bear in mind their difficulties. Three alternatives lie open to the man who cannot make milk production pay in existing circumstances—he can go out of business, which would be a disaster; he can live on his capital, a hard saying; or he can alter his methods.

He will doubtless succeed in the last, but the situation will not be helped if he is plundered at the behest of the consumer and told he is a rascal into the bargain.

More rests upon the farmer than the production of so much corn and meat and milk. He is under the responsibility of making victory sure and averting the horror of suffering and strife at home. If, as Mr. Prothero said, the autumn of 1918 makes living again the words of Jeremiah, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved," it will be an unenviable moment for the man—landowner, farmer or labourer—who has not put out the last ounce of his strength to avert so unspeakable a calamity. We are persuaded he will rise to the occasion, but with such difficulties in his path, the tiller of the soil needs all the encouragement that the Government and the public can give him, and the War Cabinet must make up its mind what the nation's agricultural policy is to be. If the great task is to be performed, the farmer must be provided with the man-power and the munitions of his warfare just as freely as the soldier and sailor. He is in a fair way to secure ample mechanical aids, but he must feed the soil with the needful fertilisers. In old days the complaint was universal that he neglected the aids of science, but the war has given him the means to take advantage of them, and he has done so with alacrity. Dr. Addison spoke in the House of Commons of British potash being soon available, but there is a disconcerting silence as to when this will be. Already farmers complain that their orders for sulphate of ammonia and basic slag are met with the reply of "sold out." Farmyard manure must necessarily be impoverished in ammonia by the low feeding of cattle consequent on the halving of supplies of oil cake, and the need for artificials is greater than ever.

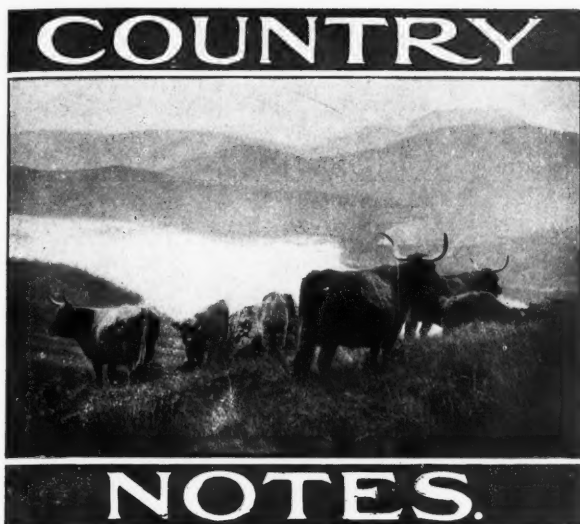
Is the War Cabinet making plans ahead to provide the farmer with his munitions of peace? Are the men and the horses to be available for the great ploughing campaign of the next six months? These are questions to which the farmer wants categorical answers if he is to face the situation with the needful assurance of success.

Utterances during the last few days have shown that the Prime Minister and others in authority give no countenance to the attacks that have been made on the patriotism of the farmer; but some detailed statement as to the practical aids he may expect will do much to stiffen his determination and thus to ensure national safety.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Elmer Speed, Miss Enid Leyland Speed, whose engagement to Captain Edward Fitzgerald Campbell, K.R.R. Corps, third son of Lieut.-Col. Sir Guy and Lady Campbell, has just been announced.

.. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



THE amazingly undemonstrative nature of the British people has never been more startlingly illustrated than by their calm acceptance of the victory of Broodseinde last week. We are not in sympathy with the suggestion of some patriotic league or other that the Government should have ordered the bells to ring for the victory. Cheers to order are not a method of rejoicing that appeals to this nation. Everyone who remembers the orgy of stupid revelry that has been pilloried in our language by the ugly word "mafficking" must be glad that national phlegm has recovered from that Edwardian forgetfulness; and though our Allies in our midst may be puzzled by our seeming indifference, our brothers who are in the thick of the fighting are not deceived. They know that the Nation appreciates the tremendous nature of the victory gained by Haig's recurrent offensive on the ridges beyond Ypres. They know that the Nation is thrilled by all that is contained in those four simple words, "We can see Bruges." No amount of bell ringing and hurrahing could express the solid satisfaction that is felt in every British home at the confirmation of the national belief in our ultimate victory which was brought by Haig's report of the Broodseinde operations. "We have got them" was the thought that came to everyone.

COINCIDENT with the victory of Broodseinde we had good news from the far-flung theatres of war in Mesopotamia and East Africa. These excentric operations are of secondary importance to the struggle in Flanders. The Germans have twice endeavoured in the course of this war to force the Allied strategists into the blunder of trying to win the war by excentric effort, but each attempt has failed. Just as at the outset of the Seven Years' War, Pitt warned Newcastle of the grave consequences of trying to conquer America on European battlefields, so in this war the more clear-sighted leaders of the Allies have warned us against trying to crush Germany by great offensives in Asia and the Near East. Those theatres are fitting areas for containing operations. Beyond that, it would be folly to proceed. There is, at the same time, the question of our prestige in the Middle East to be considered, and any operations there must be carefully planned and adequately supported. It is evident that Sir Stanley Maude has recovered for us the glamour of the British Raj, which was something dimmed by the tragedy of Kut. There is evidence in a score of ways at home that his campaign is now being properly supported by all the available resources of munitionment, provisionment and transport, and we may hope that the completion of the Mesopotamia Campaign will be as glorious as its beginning was unhappy.

IT is characteristic of the English people that they should have kept themselves studiously in the background throughout the war. Whenever there has been any public reference to the work done by the island nation it has always been "Britain's effort," and if any sections of the United Kingdom have been chosen for special mention it has always been Scotland, Ireland or Wales that has been specifically referred to. England, the predominant partner, the founder of the firm has been deliberately ignored. This is largely due to the fact that practically all the great publicity factors—the newspapers—are published in England and written by Englishmen (though the cynical assert that they are managed exclusively by Scots), and the Englishman's only idea of

discussing himself is to criticise and belittle himself. The world at large, however, can draw a different picture from the figures of the percentage of troops recently engaged on the western front, which has been officially issued. English troops were 70 per cent. of the whole, as compared with 8 per cent. from Scotland, 6 per cent. from Ireland, and 16 per cent. from overseas. Moreover, the English troops bore the burden of the fighting in even greater proportion, for their casualties were 76 per cent. of the whole. It is well that facts such as these should occasionally be mentioned, if only as a corrective to the mental perspective of the war.

ONE of the conditions of the Trust under which Sir Arthur Lee has given Chequers to the Nation will afford especial pleasure to the lovers of the domestic arts. It is straitly provided that no alteration, mutilation, addition or subtraction be made to the chief features of the house. Chequers has passed through painful vicissitudes, and the donor has determined that the admirable restitution of its ancient form and atmosphere superintended by Mr. Reginald Blomfield shall not be imperilled in the future. The great hall is of to-day and makes no other pretence; but for the rest the house is once again as its original builders left it, and has been stripped of all unsatisfactory accretions. An ancient house is a piece of England, and it is well that the future directors of our destinies shall pass their resting days amid surroundings which tell an authentic story of the past.

FOR like sufficient reason, the interior furnishings and works of art which represent the tastes, collecting enthusiasms, historic relics and ancient belongings of Chequers' long line of owners are to be preserved as long as possible. It is not use, but the fitful gusts of decorative fashion which make away with the pleasant gear of our forefathers. The chests and tables of the sixteenth century, the cabinet stands of Wren's day, even the delicacy of the Sheraton furniture in Kitty Russell's boudoir will last for centuries with reasonable care. No one who has been to the Cluny Museum will forget the intimate delight given by mediæval household things in their mediæval setting. Chequers, like many another famous English house, gives pleasure of an even deeper sort just because it is a home and not a museum. Every chair and picture is a link with those who have woven the fabric of English history, and the associations which linger about Chequers cannot fail to temper the thought of many of the first servants of the Crown yet to be born.

BY BRAMBER.

Above the vale where Bramber stands
And idly down the Adur drifts,
Whence o'er the luscious pasture lands
The lowing of the cattle lifts,
There stands a hill; a lofty hill
Whose steep and straggling paths we scaled.
Gaily you'd lead the way until
You claimed my hand else strength had failed.

And so at last the summit gained
Breathless we lay and gazed above,
Thanking the God who had ordained
We two should live and meet and love.

Though still from Bramber I behold
The Down I loved and used to tread,
No more I climb it as of old;
How should I want to—you are dead.

WHEN the Order restricting the sale of agricultural horses was published the Food Production Department was criticised a good deal; but it has proved a far-sighted and well conceived provision. Teams of horses are being freely hired to farmers for autumn ploughing, and, where preferred, the Department is doing the work with its own gangs. In Gloucestershire over a hundred teams are busy, and Lancashire has asked for 250 teams equipped with ploughs. October finds farmers at the parting of the ways, finishing the harvest in some counties, full speed ahead on the new season's labours elsewhere. Threshing reports are favourable on the whole, and the yields and condition of wheat crops are far more satisfactory than seemed likely during the deluges of August. Once more the farmer who took care to get the best seed corn has scored heavily. No one line of official action seems more hopeful than that of persistently encouraging the use of choice seed for cereal crops. It is a matter in which even a hint of compulsion would find some justification.

AFTER-WAR organisation is proceeding quietly, but methodically, in many directions in this country. One of the vital questions of the future—the control of raw materials—is receiving full attention, and in a branch of this subject it is now stated that a beginning has been made with an Empire-wide organisation. The resources of the Empire in minerals are enormous and can provide unlimited wealth in the future. The German machinations in the Australian metal world before the war were very fully exposed and opened the eyes of our leaders to a danger that must be countered. All the principal authorities on metals and minerals brought the subject to the attention of the Imperial War Conference, and the weight of their representations could not be ignored. The result is to be the establishment of an Imperial Mineral Resources Bureau, which will be charged with the co-ordination and safeguarding of the Empire's supplies. Isolated efforts in various Dominions will now be linked up and it should be impossible in the future for an inimical organisation to obtain such a control as threatened in the autumn of 1914 to deprive the British Commonwealth of its own products. The new Bureau will also be an invaluable weapon in any campaign of commercial retaliation on Germany that may be instituted by way of punishment for her misdeeds of the past three years.

THE figures just published in America on the subject of the supply of foodstuffs to Germany by neutral countries during the first two and a half years of war have led to a recrudescence of the outcry in this country against what is called "the laxity of the blockade." Sometimes the Navy is blamed for this, but more often the shafts are aimed at the Foreign Office. What is often forgotten by the critics is the fact that war is a matter of diplomacy just as much as of strategy, and that the whole aim of Britain and her Allies throughout this war has been to avoid thrusting neutrals into the arms of Germany. A drastic blockade policy throughout the winter of 1914-15 could not have failed to alienate the sympathies of the United States as well as of the Scandinavian nations, and the Entente might well have found itself at loggerheads, if not at war, with the other half of the world. We left "ruthless" measures to Germany. She seized the rope and obligingly hanged herself, and to-day the people of the United States are clamouring for the very measures which, if they had been enforced by us two years ago, would have raised a hurricane of protest before which we might have had to bend or break. Strict blockade is also a two-edged sword, as we are now finding. By shutting out imports into Denmark, for example, we have cut off one of our most valuable sources of supply of bacon and butter.

THE stranding of the German raider, *Sceadler*, off Lord Howe Island in the Australasian seas ends another of the curious romances of navigation in this war. She had been at sea since December of last year. She had sunk a few ships in the Atlantic, had laid a few mines in unexpected places and had latterly preyed on the small trading schooners of the South Pacific Islands. Beyond that she had done nothing to win the war for Germany; she had not diverted a single Allied ship from its pre-arranged ocean route, and the toll she took of shipping was negligible considered by itself. What is striking about her career is the success with which she eluded observation. It is one more demonstration to the shore-living citizen of the immensity of the task of searching the oceans for solitary enemy craft. Count Luckner, her commander, has had a far wider scope as a navigator than any of the other German corsair captains. Von Dohna-Schlodien's feat in perambulating the North Atlantic for a few weeks in the *Moewe* was child's play in comparison. Englishmen, as innate seamen, would appreciate the full story of the wanderings of the *Sceadler* as told in her log. It is to be hoped Count Luckner was able to save it from the wreck.

WHEREVER one goes nowadays and whatever paper one reads one is continually confronted by the phrase "the Imperial Air Service." It seems to be publicly accepted by everyone as the name of the amalgamated flying forces, the R.F.C. and the R.N.A.S.—when they are amalgamated—and there is little cause to quarrel with the selection. The airmen who are serving to-day come from all parts of the Empire. The two wings are thoroughly representative of the Dominions, the Crown Colonies and the Mother Country, and it is well that the Imperial link should be supplied at the very outset. It is an extraordinary thing that although the Army has long had "the Imperial General Staff" and the Cabinet has had its "Committee of Imperial Defence,"

there has never yet been any tendency to speak of "the Imperial British Navy." We have to-day in active operation the federation of the Royal Navy, the Royal Australian Navy and the Royal Canadian Navy, but the conservatism of the sea has not yet accepted any suggestion of a change in the generic title of the whole Service. It would probably break the hearts of most naval officers to be confronted with the initials "I.B.N." after their names instead of the century-old "R.N."

BACHELORS are to be taxed next year. That is the real meaning of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's announcement that he proposes in the next Budget to make a "wife allowance" of £25. It would appear from the form in which the announcement is made that the change will only affect those earning between £150 and £300 a year, but since these are the classes upon whom the increased income tax really presses most hardly, their more wealthy brothers can hardly complain. The effect of the allowance will be to make the bachelor earning £3 a week liable to 1s. 1½d. a week income tax, whereas the married man with two children earning the same amount will pay nothing. It is often urged that a tax on bachelors is unfair because there are men who remain unmarried because they have elderly parents and young brothers and sisters dependent on them. There is a certain force in the objection, but their numbers are small in comparison with the married men who have taken up definite and calculable responsibilities, and the number of unmarried men without dependents is high in these days of unlimited employment and high wages. A bachelor is not necessarily selfish, but he undoubtedly has more opportunity for selfishness than the married man, and it is eminently fair that he should bear a larger part of the financial burden.

YOUTH.

I weep—but he would chide my tears;
Sunlight and mirth his young heart loved,
And Life enchanted did appear
Fresh as these dewy Downs he roved.

And Death? I think Death was not grim:
He saw her with a shining face,
Garbed like a lover, beckon him,
And, fearless, leapt to her embrace!

JOYCE COBB.

HOWEVER unpalatable the idea may be, we have to reconcile ourselves to the fact that for the next few months the customary rasher of bacon must inevitably be missing from many breakfast tables. The reason is not far to seek. The number of pigs in the kingdom has been reduced to a low ebb owing to the heavy cost of foodstuffs. In future, as a consequence of the curtailment of food exports to neutral countries from the United States, bacon and other commodities will come to us in greatly lessened quantities from Denmark and Holland. Moreover, the United States and Canada have less to spare. It would be worse than ungracious to grumble—such an attitude would be simply adding to the difficulties of the men who are helping to win the war for us.

TWO objects were fulfilled by the Test Meeting for Women Farm Workers held at Meichley Park, near Birmingham, on October 4th. It is important that those women who have undertaken the heavy and often lonely work of the farm labourer should meet with an encouragement which is not only their due but will serve to attract recruits to the land army. This is one aspect of the case. On the other hand the lingering prejudice among farmers against the employment of women cannot better be combatted than by such means as these. The meeting was in no sense competitive, certificates of efficiency being awarded to all candidates who secured 75 per cent. of marks, while those who had 70 per cent. received highly commended certificates. These should prove a passport to the favour of employers of agricultural labour throughout the land. Unfortunately, bad weather increased the difficulties attendant upon the carrying out of such tests and reduced the number of spectators; but the entries were good, numbering about 250, candidates hailing from counties as far apart as Gloucestershire and Derbyshire. Warwickshire had the honour of sending the largest contingent. The tests included milking—in which no candidate failed—root-pulling, thatching, ploughing both with horses and tractor, and, in fact, most of the operations of the farm. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham and his Committee are to be congratulated upon creating a precedent that may advisedly be followed elsewhere.

OUR REAL WAR HORSE

I.—THE RAW MATERIAL

Illustrated by drawings from life.



ARRIVAL OF REMOUNTS IN ENGLAND: HORSES LEAVING THE DOCK.

WE shall win the war. Of course. It may be sooner or later; but though, as the Prime Minister has suggested, the road may be rough and stony, the vista of peace be still obscured by thick mists, and the climb to victory tortuous and anxious, we shall win. And when that greatest day in history comes, and praise and honours and medals are being lavished among the armies of the victorious nations, will a thought be spared, one wonders, for the horse and the mule in their tens and hundreds of thousands that have contributed to the victory? Assuredly the vast and wonderful burden they have borne will touch the horse and animal lover. He will realise how indispensable they have been to victory; how vital to the Allies' successful prosecution of the war. But the general public in the land of the pre-eminent thoroughbred may never quite realise, because they have never understood, the importance of the horse for war purposes. When they begin to realise how the horse and the mule have been as essential in their way to defeating the Huns as "shells, shells, and more shells," they will begin to understand something of the debt they owe.

They will understand why in years gone by the horse-breeding societies of the United Kingdom begged the State to aid the breeding of horses for the Army. So, too, it will be accepted as evidence of Britain's unreadiness for the World War, if such evidence be necessary, that the country's resources for horsing the Expeditionary Forces, apart from the original Expeditionary Force of "contemptibles," were hopelessly and ridiculously inadequate. How, therefore, was the tremendous deficiency made good? Whence did the millions of horses and mules come? And what has been the manner of their coming and going to and from the United Kingdom? They are questions that will assuredly be answered in detail when the astonishing story of the Remount Service comes to be written. The object of this article and one which is to follow is not to anticipate that fascinating record of figures and events. It is to convey some idea to the reader of how the problem of the nation's horse supply for the armies was solved; to tell something of the conquest by the imported horse and mule from North America; and why it is that of all the breeds and cross-breeds of horses in the world the one from the United States and Canada has proved paramount and indubitably the best.

What we should have done had not North America's vast contribution to the world's horse supply been a real

fact, goodness knows. It is an uncomfortable reflection which, fortunately, need not be dwelt on. What we do know is that the amazing resources were known to exist—they were known in the South African War—and that in the early days of this war they were tapped by British Remount Commissions with astonishing speed and prodigality. There could never have been any half-hearted buying, or the flow to Europe would have been interrupted with disastrous consequences. And this, too, quite apart from the fact that France has bought as extensively in America as we have, in addition to Italy's purchases! After all, apart from the great part played by motor transport—think of France's taxi-cab army that issued from Paris and virtually decided the battle of the Marne!—the horse and the mule were essential for the guns, the transport, the ammunition columns, and all arms of mounted troops. The horse supply in all the theatres of war had to correspond *ad libitum* with the bewildering growth in numbers of the guns.

We may not, for obvious reasons, deal with the buying and shipping on the other side of the Atlantic beyond remarking in a broad and general sense that the organisation by which they were accomplished represents not the least of the wonders of this wonderful war. We will meet the horse and the mule as they arrive at a port in the United Kingdom and endeavour to give some idea of their personalities, their characteristics and, as impartially as may be, examine their merits and demerits. For, surely, it cannot fail to be of absorbing interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE to know something of a more or less intimate nature about the horse that has made a great reputation in this war, that has saved the situation where the horsing of the armies is concerned, that, in short, has most convincingly "made good." Some day it will be revealed exactly how many horses were bought by agents of the Remount Service in the United Kingdom, and figures will be forthcoming, when the proper time arrives, to show the great numbers imported. Then it will be realised how immensely we have been dependent on the imports, and what a debt is owing to them, and at the same time to what a desperate pass we should have come had those imports not been available.

Let it be understood that in discussing the war horse of to-day the individual in question is the animal officially classed as the "Light Draught." He is the outstanding success of the war. The other conspicuous success is the mule, but he is not a horse. He is just a mule—a law and

character unto himself—and, therefore, calling for separate treatment, and to be judged only from his own unique and peculiar standpoint. We in the United Kingdom have produced our breeds and classes for war purposes. The Shire horse by size, weight and physique naturally filled the rôle of the heavy draught. There is no intention of discussing him lest feelings and susceptibilities be injured. At that, therefore, we will leave this product of England. The thoroughbred, the three-quarter and half-bred thoroughbred just as naturally have played the part of the charger, and no horse ever bred in America can beat the British riding horse with thoroughbred blood in his veins. The pony bred in these islands has been a valuable asset, and hereafter many a man will bear tribute to his charger which has been a pony and classed for service purposes as an officer's cob. The hackney horse has been utilised, but this breed also does not come within the compass of the present article.

The point to bear in mind is that, though America has sent us chargers, troop horses and cobs, that country must always be gratefully remembered for the light draught. He is the horse which has come in numbers quite out of proportion to other classes. He is the horse most typical of the millions

east coast of the United States—and introduce ourselves to them as they are first met on the transport which has brought them to the English port of disembarkation. As the war has gone on the arrangements on shipboard have no doubt improved with experience; and we may be sure that everything possible has been done to make the voyage as bearable as possible for the animals, so that loss should be avoided if humanly possible. Such minimum loss has been made possible, we may take it, through the employment of painstaking, conscientious and intelligent individuals in charge, judicious feeding to suit the unnatural conditions, and the observance of sanitary and hygienic conditions.

The results in such cases have been splendid. Take a recent example which came within the personal experience of the writer. A ship arrived from a port in the United States, having occupied about twenty days on the voyage. She had sailed with 1,270 animals, including nearly 1,000 mules, and some very bad weather had been experienced. Only one animal was lost on the voyage, through a sudden seizure which could not be combated. Let us, for example's sake, take note of these 1,269 animals, for they are typical of the war horse in the rough state, before the horse-masters of the



NIGHT ARRIVAL AT A DEPOT—VETERINARY EXAMINATION.

of imports. Hardiness, placidity of temper, strength combined with activity, virility of constitution, with what is called "good heart," versatility and extraordinary activity for his size and weight—these are characteristics that have impressed themselves for all time on all who have had to do with him. The riding horse from America is on the whole deceptive. He is usually high in the withers, suggesting that the shoulder is sloping and that he must carry the saddle in the right place. The truth is that the shoulder is straight more often than not, and the scapula narrow with a consequent loss of freedom in action which the riding man perfectly well understands. There are, of course, exceptions, and, perhaps, what is lost in positive correctness of action is compensated for by that measure of comfort to be derived from the "lope" or "tittupping" gait of the Yankee saddle horse.

But, whatever the class of horse, the fact remains that when they arrive in this country they come to us raw and rough to a degree, unkempt, ragged and mere caricatures of horses. We may pass over the time they spend in the large stock yards, say, of Illinois—that period during which they are brought together for inspection and purchase by the accredited buyers of the Remount Service, with their subsequent voyaging down the Mississippi to the port of embarkation, or their rail journey to a port of embarkation on the

Remount Service have "ironed" them out for their work in France.

She is a big ship, and her length, except for the interval occupied by her engines and boilers, is used to accommodate the live cargo. The great thing is that she has come safely through danger zones and that she is at last alongside the berth at her destination with the welcome aliens ready for immediate disembarkation. There is no time lost. "You can begin to unload now," says the naval officer to the Remount Officer, and the latter's men are on board and leading off the first horses and mules in less time than it takes to write this. The ship has been about twenty days on the journey, and bad weather has been experienced, necessitating the closing down of hatches. Moreover, the cleaning-out has had to be carried out under difficulties which have grown more formidable as the voyage has lengthened. Below decks the atmosphere is heavy and unhealthy, and the fumes of the disinfectants mingle with ammonia gases. The horses are obviously used to what they have helped to create, and their keenness and alertness show that they have suffered no more than temporary inconvenience. They seem to know that something unusual is going to happen. There is no motion on the ship; the engines have ceased to throb, and the movements of the

animals in their narrow stalls or pens seem more insistent. They know as well as we know that they are going to emerge from their imprisonment into the sweet, fresh air and the blinding light of day. The horses know. The mules are distrustful, because it is their one thought and principle in life to be suspicious and apprehensive. They fear more trouble.

So, out of the unsalubrious, gas-laden air and the forbidding gloom of the decks below stairs the first of the horses come quietly and with marked docility down the sloping

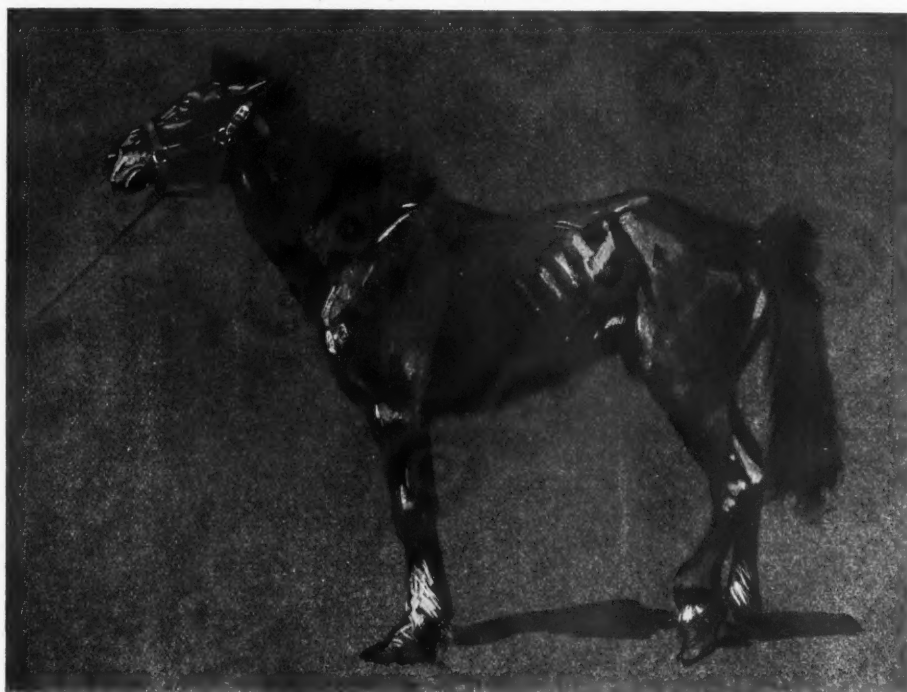
latter snort like the ancient war horses were supposed to snort and breathe fire on the threshold of battle. The war horse of the twentieth century, if he is not placid and unmoved, is at least mildly demonstrative when first "joining-up" in England. Perhaps he is too "used-up," too weary of the sea, to protest too much; and, perhaps, also, what we took to be a snort of annoyance and a dilated eye of apprehension were really nothing more than normal excitement that one unpleasant phase was over and that something unknown was being entered upon.

But the calm and placid newcomer is in an overwhelming majority. He carries himself bravely in spite of a soiled and unkempt appearance that suggests anything but the idea of bravery and the chivalry of battle. Shall we who saw and handled him then ever forget the impressions made by his coming? He came in several sizes and weights—the narrow, light-boned rider; the heavy "light draught," which is not as heavy and imposing as the heavy agricultural horses of the United Kingdom; and the light draught with bone, size and activity for the Field Artillery and quick-moving horse transport. This latter is the war horse that has made history, and probably there were twenty of him to one of any other kind. He would not have impressed you then as he moved softly and quietly off the "brow." You would, perhaps, have laughed at anything less beautiful and inspiring, and you might have wondered at the boldness and seeming incompetence of our buyers on the other side. He was, you see, shoeless, long-haired, tousled-maned, ragged-hipped, and he almost dragged his tail on the ground, so long and full and caked with dirt was it. His neck had gone light and mean, his backbone stuck up like a knifeboard, and his ribs were pushing through his neglected hide.

Such was our war horse in the rough, a true and faithful representation of the raw material rendered thus unrepresentable by the flesh-weariness of irksome and exacting existence on board ship. Yet, through it all, as he stamped and fretted to be free and as he stepped on shore, he flung out a challenge to his new masters. He was willing to be born again. Blacks and greys there were in abundance. They were obviously the prevailing colours, and there were also, of course, bays and chestnuts; but the colour scheme afforded a contrast to that to which we in this country are used. Blacks

and greys are by no means the dominant colours here. Then, after noting the colours, you would remember that the Percheron stallions of France are chiefly black and grey, and that the war horse from the United States and Canada is first and foremost the progeny of the Percheron horses that were imported from France through all the years.

Certain characteristics belonged to them all. Take the black horse that has just stepped jauntily off the "brow"



AMERICAN REMOUNT AS HE ARRIVES AFTER A BAD PASSAGE.

Thin, unbroken, rough-coated, and with the feet grown to great size.



THE SAME HORSE, CLIPPED AND SHOD, PARTLY BROKEN.

"brows," or gangways, on to a foreign soil. They blink in the sunshine, shake their heads and neglected manes, and quietly submit to the first requirements of their new military existence. Some are sullen and soberly matter-of-fact, seemingly devoid of all excitement and emotions of any kind; some are nervous and distraught, wild-eyed, and betraying fear as if they cannot understand the violent upheavals that have occurred in their usually uneventful existences. These

and which has neighed with a lustiness and inquisitiveness betokening health and a vitality quite opposed to his ungentelemanly appearance. He is just under 16h., and the first and last impression is of his thickness and sturdiness of physique.

This idea of thickness seems to belong to him in every respect. His head is plain and thick across the jaw; his neck is short, cresty and thick, and it passes abruptly into straight shoulders. Then his middle-piece is thick and capacious, and, though the croup is short, he is thick across the quarters because the loins are wide and inclined to be ragged. He stands on sound, clean legs, showing very little hair about the heels, but the legs are not orthodox as we would have them. The hocks are away from him and he is decidedly back at the knee; while the feet are big, flat and sancer-like in shape; too big, one would think, for the rest of the animal. Still, those all-important legs have splendid bone.

Yes, this black horse we are looking at is undoubtedly a stranger—a "Yank," as we have learned to designate him. He is undoubtedly rather goose-rumped. So you

will understand that this great utility horse of the war is not a beauty to look at. The black horse is typical of the tens of thousands. He is like the grey, the bay and the chestnut; and if they vary, it is that some have developed more than others the ugliness of their goose rump, and have, perhaps, added the unsightliness of a roach back. Through them all the stamp of the Percheron in the breeding stands out clear and distinguished. It is there in the power of the quarters, the shortness and crestiness of the neck, the clean, sound legs, the hard constitution and good temper, and the willingness to work.

We will leave him at that for the present. And, because the Yankee light draught has so earnestly commended his virtues to our Army authorities and is almost certain to be adopted in this country for industry as well as for war, we will discuss his merits in the finished state when he is fit for the front, and further criticise his characteristics in a subsequent article. So, too, the mule—despised and yet esteemed, a magnificent worker in the cause of the Allies—by reason of his quaint and most interesting individuality must be discussed later.

A. S. G.

FLOCKS OF THE MISTY MOUNTAINS

BY J. M. DODINGTON.

AT the very Gate of the Grampians they stand, at the base of Stirling's great rock, in the shadow of Stirling's grim, grey citadel. Tranquilly they graze over the fields on which has ebbed the life-blood of so many gallant men. Little they wot of the "fights fought long ago," of the famous "Battle o' Stirlin' Brig," of the epoch-making victory won on Bannockburn's hard-fought field. The shelter of the cliff is grateful, grass is succulent, companionship is pleasant, life is sweet. Of the past they reckon not—and, happily, the future is also veiled from their eyes!

They only know that when winter's icy blast is blown, when the snow-wreaths melt from the hills, when the new grass pushes up tender green spikes among the heather they will return to their Misty Mountains—to the steep hills which enclose the long, narrow stretch of beautiful Loch Voil, to the fair slopes which mirror themselves in Loch Earn's silvery waters.

Over the vast expanse of the Moor o' Rannoch they will pass, where for miles upon miles, save for the shepherd's sheiling, human habitation there is none. Their lambs skipping by their side, they will ford the mountain burns whose peat-brown waters laugh and chatter over their pebbly bed. The keen, pure winds of the moorland will play with their long white fleeces, their limpid hazel eyes will gaze over the fairest scenes in all fair Scotland.

There are those who hold that environment plays a prominent part in the moulding of character. The mountaineer, they say, has, in his tussle with rugged Nature, acquired a keenness of perception and fertility of resource unknown to the dwellers in more easeful lands. However that may be as regards humans, I am quite sure that it holds good as regards sheep. Compare the short, firmly framed, determined countenance of these black-faced Northerners, the light that sparkles in their belligerent eyes, with the long, expressionless visage and vacant, imbecile gaze of



W. Reid.

FLOCK CROSSING A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN PERTHSHIRE.

Copyright.

the Lincolnshire, for example, and you cannot fail to be convinced of the justice of this observation.

The black-faced mountain sheep is a man—or woman—of war from his—or her—youth up. Mark how the lamb whose age is counted by weeks turns, stamps his foot and levels his baby front at the pursuing collie. Never can I forget "The Bold Outlaw" and "Mona-My-Own," a half-grown lamb,

and his slim, agile mamma, which cropped the close turf around my little shanty on the shores of Loch Eil. With me abode a big, black retriever and a sturdy spaniel—both, I regret to say, of an extremely surly disposition. But their truculence paled before that of Mona-My-Own and her doughty son. When I gave my dogs their evening meal on the narrow ledge of turf between my doorstep and the shingle, down upon them, like wolves on the fold, would sweep the woolly marauders. In vain

drawn back in fiercest snarl, they would dash at the robbers, who prudently retreated before the onslaught. But where, now, the supper? Swallowed with incredible rapidity during that brief moment of victory by the shameless caterans—yea, even to the trimmings of my mutton chops!

But they have their softer side, these sheep of the Misty Mountains. Instance Baa-lam and Baa-lak. These two shivering little creatures were found by the shepherd piteously bleating beside the body of their mother, whose

Bingo's rumbling growl and Bob's fierce snarl; into their midst at full speed, heads lowered in grimest determination, the two would charge. Seizing the moment when the unhappy dogs were broad-side on, whack would come the iron foreheads into their flanks, and over and over, down upon the shingle Bob and Bingo would roll. Again upon their feet, with hackles erect and lips



STANDING IN THE SHADOW OF STIRLING'S GRIM, GREY CITADEL.



eyes had closed in death even as she gave them birth. In such a case the usual method is to foist the orphans upon some hapless mamma whose own offspring has succumbed, often fitting the skins of the deceased upon the adopted ones in order to deceive the maternal nose, which is keen in the extreme. But in this instance there happened to be no bereaved parent in the flock, so the shepherd brought the two hapless infants to his master's abode, in which at the moment I was a visitor. And, as I was the least occupied person in that busy household, the rearing of the orphans fell to me. It was not a very difficult task; they took very kindly to the teapot filled with warm milk, whose spout, wrapped round with rag, they sucked with might and main—tails wagging in enjoyment of the delicious fluid, heads vigorously butting with intent to accelerate its flow.

A portion of the lawn just under my window was wired off for their occupation, and as the night wind still blew chill and there was no warm mother form to shelter them from its blast, a hut was erected in which they slept.

They slept? Yes, until six a.m.! Then they opened their little black mouths and rent the air with their shrill uplifted voices. Goaded by cravings within, their heart-rending ba-as fairly made the welkin ring!

"Oh blow, blast and confound the miserable little brutes!" Spirit lamp having done its duty by the milk, I stumbled down the stairs and out upon the lawn, teapot in hand.

"Baa-lam first. Get off, Baa-lak, you brute! If you butt me again like that—!"

It certainly was a martyrdom—but in process of time two very fine, fat lambs were its crown. Happily they were of the feminine gender (their nomenclature is, I allow, a trifle misleading in this regard!) and in due time they joined the flock. There came an interval of nearly a year, and again I was a visitor at that hospitable Highland home. Taking my gun I strolled forth one morning over some rough ground below the moor, in search of a wandering rabbit. The face of the hill above me was dotted with sheep, and suddenly, as I crossed the wire fence which divided moorland from grassy flat, two white forms detached themselves from the feeding flock and bounded towards me.

"Ba-a-a-a!" "Ba-a-a-a!" "Ba-a-a-a-a!" Could I mistake those heart-breaking voices? I might—but never the impact of those iron foreheads! In their all too painful playfulness Baa-lam and Baa-lak stood revealed.

Fain would I continue my reminiscences of those engaging sheep of the Misty Mountains. But space is all too short in which to tell of "Donal," the crofter's pet lamb, who lived with the family in the peat-reek of the low-roofed, earth-floored kitchen; who opened the meal-girnel with his head and helped himself to its contents; who bore down upon the latch of the corner cupboard with his little hard hoof until it flew open and disclosed the treasure of scones and catcakes within; who, seeing the fishing-coble in which he was wont to cross the loch drawn up at the little pier, leapt into its stern, and wist not that the long, black box in its prow was his master's coffin; who followed the *cortège* to the little auld kirkyard on the brae; who lay down on the grass which grew over an old-time grave and there remained when the other mourners had departed.

Of little orphan, Morag, who shared the meals and the bed of Tam, the bold, bad, yellow cat, accompanied him on his midnight raids through the laird's coverts, and when the inevitable reward of his iniquity overtook the poacher, stood bleating by the rabbit-earth where, his leg caught in a cruel steel trap, Tam swore and spat in mortal agony, until the shepherd, guided by the anguished ba-a-as, came to the rescue.

Ah, happy, thrice-happy Tam, in that it was not the business of Black MacIntosh, the keeper, to inquire into the bleatings of a straying lamb!

Then there was Feorach, who drifted down with the tide to the Isle of Annat and yet lived to tell the tale; there was Dour Peggy's lamb—yes, and many, many more whose life histories I may not tell. But

their counterfeit presentments the reader will behold in the intelligent faces of these flocks of the Misty Mountains.



W. Reid.

BLACK-FACED NORTHERNERS.

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HOW GREAT BRITAIN BLOCKADES

BLOCKADE under modern conditions of war at sea is a far more perilous business for the blockading squadrons than it was in the days when the Federal ships cut off the oversea trade of the Southern States.

Germany has been unable to blockade the Allies with surface ships, because her cruisers have all been driven into port or destroyed, and others cannot show themselves without risking the same fate. The most she has been able to do is to send forth an occasional disguised raider to sink ships out of hand (which is illegal) and to destroy others with their crews and passengers on board by means of submarines (which is not only illegal, but also immoral).

Britain, thanks to her Navy, has been able to blockade Germany effectively without imperilling the life of a single person who travels by sea. That was one of the most stringent conditions of old-time warfare. It was insisted on by every nation. Even the Germans when they published their prize regulations in 1914 emphasised the necessity for ensuring the safety of the persons on board a captured ship.

Great Britain has managed to conform to that old humanitarian practice, although she, no less than Germany, has found that the changed conditions of warfare required changed methods of blockade. In the spring of 1915 the British Government replied to the first German "ruthless" submarine threat by bringing into existence an entirely new form of blockade by building up an entirely new machine; and, although it may have caused a little trouble just at first, as all experimental machinery is likely to do, it has worked now for two years with extraordinary smoothness and in such silence that even in England there are scarcely two hundred people who know anything of the system. Humanity and respect for law do not obtain the same share of the limelight as brutality and crime, which is one of the paradoxes of the social life of the human race.

Very few people have any realisation of the immensity of the task of maintaining the blockade. The British patrolling squadrons held up for examination 25,874 ships of all nations between the beginning of the war and the end of 1916. That is an average of nearly thirty ships a

day. All that most of them suffered was a delay of an hour or two on their voyage. Even in suspicious cases the delay amounted in most cases to less than two days.

How has it been possible to reduce the delay to such limits? The secret is simply business organisation, a thing popularly supposed (particularly by Englishmen) to be absolutely lacking in every British Government Department. Nevertheless, three of the maligned public offices evolved in a few days an organisation that will probably be the model for the world for generations to come. These three departments were the Admiralty, the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade. They were confronted by one great difficulty that had to be overcome at once if the modification of the old methods was to be in any way acceptable to neutrals. They had to avoid the terrible delays that would be incurred by the slow legal process of putting every suspected ship and cargo through the Prize Court. What was wanted was a sort of magistrate's court, which would hold a rapid preliminary enquiry into the case and either discharge the defendant or commit him for trial at the assizes—in this case the Prize Court.

The Court of First Instance was created in the form of two committees: one, the Contraband Committee, to deal with ships suspected of taking goods to Germany; the other, the Enemy Exports Committee, to deal with ships suspected of taking goods from Germany. Before you can prosecute, however, you must have a case to lay before the court. The police do this by their Criminal Investigation Departments. The equivalent in the blockade is the War Trade Intelligence Department, though it will be seen that this department in many cases only uses information that has been voluntarily supplied by the defendant and is really acting for the defence more than for the prosecution.

Now, it will readily be seen that all this has little or nothing to do with the Navy. The seamen police the seas and arrest the suspected persons, but they have not the time or the technical knowledge to prepare the briefs and try the case. That is where the Board of Trade and the Foreign Office come in—the former with its knowledge of business conditions all over the world, the latter with its network of Consuls who can obtain any required information at a moment's notice. And so the Contraband Committee and the Enemy Exports Committee are composed of representatives of the Admiralty, the Foreign Office and the Board of Trade.

The best way to see the system at work is to take an imaginary ship and suppose her to be approaching British waters with a cargo consigned to a neutral European firm in a country adjacent to Germany. She is steaming along cheerily in fairly calm weather when a British patrolling cruiser swoops down on her, fires a blank charge to warn her to heave-to, and sends a couple of officers and a few seamen across in a small boat to "search" her. It stands to reason that these few men cannot possibly search a ship of, perhaps, 5,000 tons on the high seas. Their search consists mainly of examining the ship's papers, of opening, perhaps, one or two packages in the cargo that can easily be got at, and of taking a general survey of the position. If the ship appears to be in order, if there is nothing suspicious about her at all the senior officer makes a note in the ship's log that she has been examined, signs it, and the search party leaves. That operation from beginning to end takes about three hours in moderate weather. If the weather is heavy it may be necessary for the two ships to keep in company until the search party is able to board the merchantman.

Supposing the search party find that the papers are not in order, or that there are suspicious circumstances about some items in the cargo, the officer reports to the captain of the patrol cruiser, an armed guard is put on board, and the ship is sent to one of the so-called examination ports. These are Kirkwall or Lerwick in the North, or occasionally Stornoway or Ardrrossan if they are more suitable. In the South the ship will be sent either to the Downs between Ramsgate and Deal, or to Falmouth or Dartmouth at the western end of the Channel. Since the latest exhibition of submarine frightfulness began, however, neutral ships crossing the Atlantic have been allowed to go to Halifax, Nova Scotia, for examination if they desire to do so. This change only affects the process in detail and not in principle.

Ships arriving for examination are immediately examined by Customs officers, except in the Downs, where the naval authorities are responsible. The cargo is most carefully analysed, and a full report of this analysis is telegraphed to London to the Admiralty, the Foreign Office and the Board of Customs—a branch of the Board of Trade. Then the War Trade Intelligence Department gets busy. Every fragment

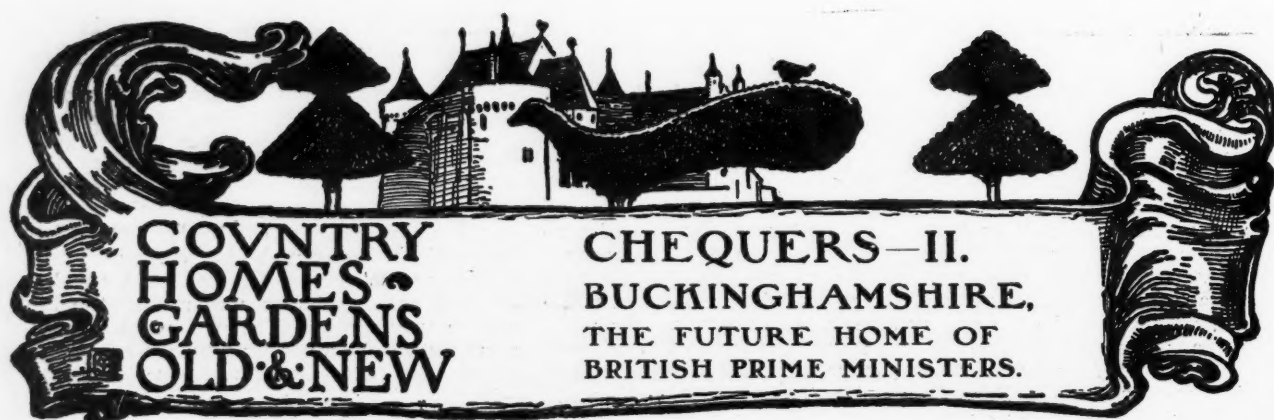
of information that can in any way throw light on the real destination and ownership of cargoes is collected hourly by the Department from every possible source, such as cables, wireless messages, confidential reports and intercepted letters. It is indexed, collated and focussed as it comes to hand, so when the detailed analysis of the cargo of our imaginary neutral ship arrives it is compared with the information in the Department about that particular ship.

So smoothly does the system work that in the majority of instances a full report on a case can be delivered in five hours with information collected probably from three Continents to throw light on it. Even in exceptionally complex cases the Department will have its report complete in twenty-four hours at the very utmost. The prosecution (or the defence in some instances) having thus been prepared by the British Government, the case goes at once before the Committee—Contraband or Enemy Export, according to the destination of the ship. Each of these Committees sits every day and does not rise until all the cases that require consideration have been dealt with. They have to consider promptly, on the evidence presented to them, what is the real ownership and destination of the cargo, to send the case for full trial by the Prize Court if they are convinced that the cargo or part of it is guilty, or to order the instant release of both ship and cargo if they find no evidence of guilt. Their labours are, of course, greatly assisted when neutral traders or associations of traders have given guarantees to the British Government that the cargoes they are importing or exporting are in no way likely to help the enemies of Britain.

The court of first instance then has given its verdict. Let us suppose it to be "discharged without a stain on the ship's character." A telegram is at once sent to the port of examination and the ship is released. That system seems to compare well with the German method of sinking with all hands ships engaged on philanthropic relief work for starving Belgians, and safeguarded further by a licence issued by the German Government which the submarine commander has not even taken the trouble to ask for. Even if the cargo of our imaginary ship is held by the Committee to be guilty and the case is sent to the Prize Court, no penalty falls on the ship. She is not even detained until the Prize Court has heard the case.

This is what happens: An official, called the Admiralty Marshal, who is a sort of head gaoler for the Prize Court, is informed that a ship is at one of the ports of examination and that part of her cargo is to be discharged for trial. He is given full details, and it is for him to effect by telegram the formal legal seizure of the suspected goods and to arrange for them to be taken out of the ship. That cannot be done at the port of examination, so he has to find a berth for the ship in a business port that has proper facilities for handling cargo. Here he is aided by another committee—the Committee for the Diversion of Ships—whose sole business it is to know exactly what is going on at every port every hour of the day, to know the capacity of each port for handling cargo and the state of labour there. This Committee also sits every day, and our imaginary ship's case having been laid before it, a telephone message is sent to the port authorities at some place suitable and accessible. "Suitable" covers many points in addition to the port's capacity for work. If the cargo is perishable, it will be necessary to sell it at once and bank the money until the Prize Court decides if the goods were guilty or not. So the selected port must be near markets where the goods can be sold. It may be necessary for the Committee to telephone to several ports before they find one that can handle the ship quickly, but as soon as one is found the Admiralty Marshal is informed and the ship goes there to be dealt with in her turn. And having discharged the suspected cargo she goes her way, to continue on her lawful occasions. What becomes of the discharged goods no longer concerns her, and it does not affect her usefulness to her owners one iota whether the case comes before the Prize Court in a week or in a year.

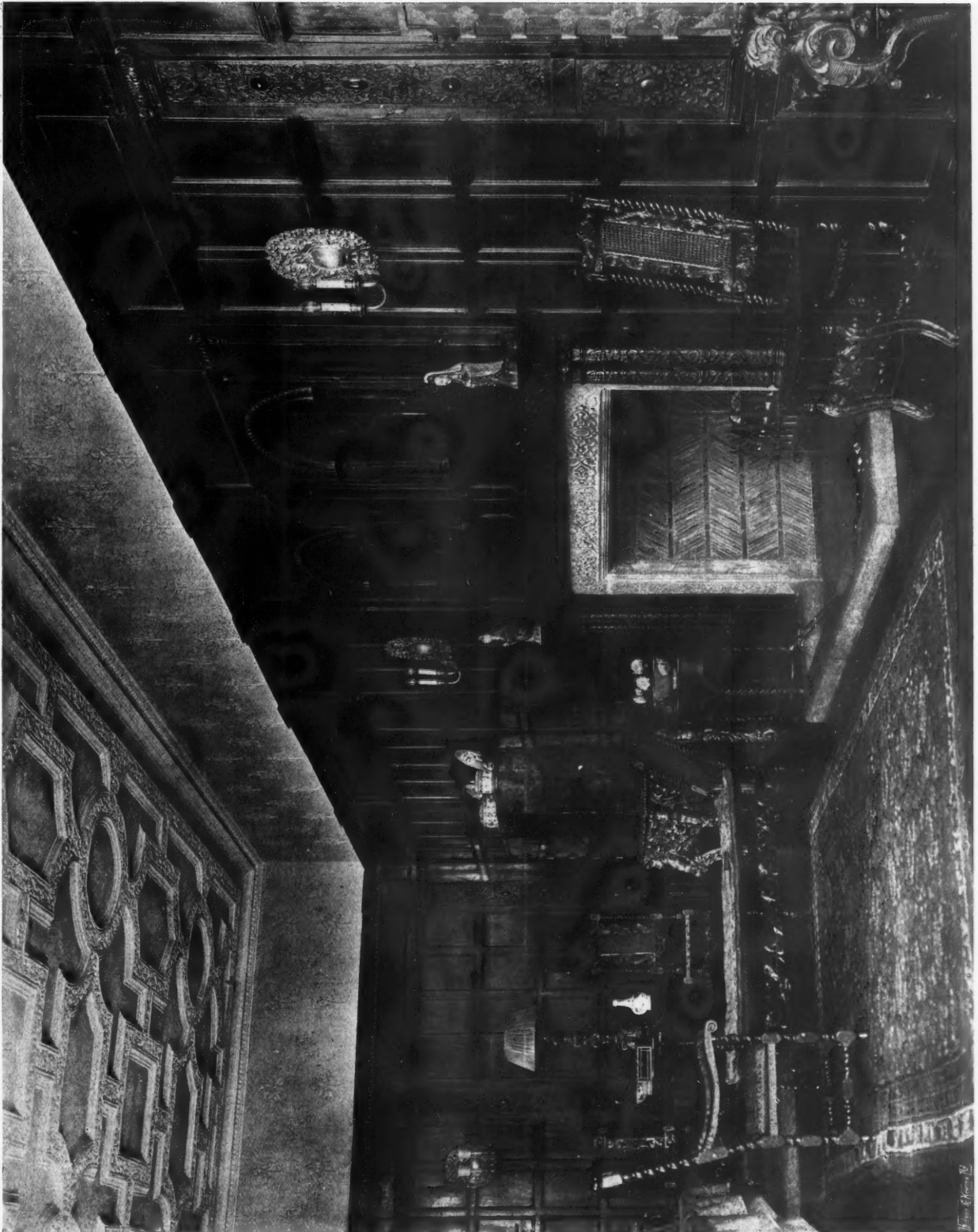
It might be supposed that the rapidity with which the Committees decide the cases before them would lead to many mistakes. We can easily test this by a reference to the banking account of the Prize Court, which was published by the Auditor-General's Department a few weeks ago. We find there that the amount of money realised by the sale of cargoes and ships of the enemy captured was £6,849,622. The amount of money refunded to claimants who had proved that their goods were innocent was £1,232,885. That is not a bad proportion. It shows that the judgment of the Committees and the information of the Intelligence Department were accurate in six cases out of seven. H. C. FERRABY.



FOR two centuries—that is, from the opening of the Hanoverian Era to its acquisition by Sir Arthur Lee—Chequers was first the residence and then the property of descendants of Oliver Cromwell, and, as shall be set forth in a special article, it is rich in Cromwell portraits and relics. But it has no connection with the Protector himself, and no special history during the disturbed times that saw his rise and his son's fall. It was then in the possession of Brigetta Hawtrey's widow, Sir Henry Croke. His father Sir John had been Speaker to two of Queen Elizabeth's parliaments, and became a judge of the King's Bench in 1607. His seat of Chilton lay ten miles west of Chequers, where a memorial of him remains in the form of the portrait of himself and his wife, in black clothes with big white ruffles and lace cuffs, which hangs over the fireplace in the Hawtrey Hall as seen in last week's tenth illustration. Henry, his second son, was born in the Armada year and—no doubt through his father's legal influence—became *de Scaccario*, like his twelfth century predecessor. He was *Ingrossator Rotulæ magnæ in Curia Scaccarii*, or Clerk of the Pipe in the Exchequer, which, as the family biographer remarks, "is a lucrative place not overburdened with any great expenditure of time or labour." Unlike his brother, Sir Unton Croke, whom

Cromwell promoted in the law, Sir Henry and his son, Sir Robert, were of Royalist leanings, and though we hear of no active part played by them in the cause, Chequers appears to have been sequestered and in the hands of the Parliamentary Commissioners for a short while. Sir Robert succeeded shortly before the Restoration, and, having no son, his daughter, Mary, proved to be the last of the de Chekers blood to own the estate. She married John Thurbarne, widower, Serjeant-at-Law and Member of Parliament, who, at this second edition of matrimony, took a lawyer-like rather than a romantic view of courtship. So good an eye had he on the main chance that, in the marriage deed, Chequers, failing issue by Mary Croke, was to go to his child by his first wife and then to any surviving descendants of his father in preference to any of the Croke family, although Mary Croke herself had not been Sir Robert's only daughter. Moreover, the Serjeant-at-Law's method of love-making was certainly masterful and direct. He presents the fair one with a copy of a folio edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost" published in 1688, carefully marked and annotated by himself. "A Description how a Wise and Accomplish'd Woman receives her Lover" is his comment on one passage, and on another: "The Nuptiall joys finely describ'd & modestly." But more to his purpose as a guide to future domestic conduct is the





"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE GREAT CHAMBER.

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note: "Woman made to make Man happy." In these Suffragette days so suggestive and didactic a present would scarcely incline an heiress to accept the proffered hand. But Mary Croke lived in an age that thought differently. She must have received her lover in right Miltonian manner, for she became Mrs. Thurbarne number two, and the lawyer M.P. and his daughter Joanna were duly housed at Chequers. There was no second family, and so, in accordance with the marriage deed, the estate passed to Thurbarne when Mary died in 1711 and to Joanna when he followed in the ensuing year. Long before that she had married a gallant soldier, Colonel Revett, commanding a battalion of the Foot Guards, by whom she had a plentiful quiver of sons and daughters before he fell on the bloody field of Malplaquet in 1709. Joanna remained a widow until after the Chequers inheritance came in, and

that Cromwell's "daughter was mistress there," and thence deducing that the Protector would have been her visitor. The devolution of Chequers from the death of Sir Robert Croke under Charles II until the death of Joanna Thurbarne eighty years later is so curiously involved that the mistake is easily accounted for. Let us, however, make the matter clear once for all.

When still in her teens, Frances Cromwell was married to Robert Rich, Lord Warwick's grandson; but as he shortly after died, she was a widow of about twenty at the passing away of the Lord Protector in 1658, so that, even if Chequers had then belonged to the Russells, she would have had no connection with it in her father's lifetime. It was three years after the Restoration that she married John, son and heir of Sir Francis Russell of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire. Sir

Francis was the second baronet, his father having received his title from Charles I after a long tenure of the Treasuryship of the Navy. Sprung from an Isle of Wight family, he acquired the Chippenham estate near Newmarket, and was there buried in 1654. A younger son "Black Sir William," threw in his lot with his father's benefactor when the Civil War broke out. But Francis took the other side, became a Parliamentary Colonel, and was called up to the abortive Upper Chamber by the Protector. The families were first linked when, in 1653, Sir Francis' eldest daughter, Elizabeth, married Henry Cromwell, who thereupon went to Ireland, where he became his father's Lord Deputy. But this connection led to no persecution of the Russells at the Restoration, and Sir Francis died in retirement at Chippenham in 1664, having in the previous year, as already stated, forged a second link in the Cromwell-Russell chain by marrying his young heir to the widow Rich. That heir became Sir John on his father's death, but five years later, and before he was thirty, he also died



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3.—MANTELPiece IN THE GREAT CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

then increased her family by marrying a widower with children of his own. That widower was a son of Oliver Cromwell's youngest daughter, Frances Lady Russell. Except that in 1715 he hung up his hat in the house that belonged to his second wife (whose sons by her first husband were her heirs), he had no lien on the Chequers estate or expectation that he or his descendants would ever own it. Yet own it the latter did, and this, added to the advent of the Cromwell relics, has created so strong a Cromwellian tradition at Chequers that even to this day the descendants of Frances Cromwell believed it to have been her home. Thus, last May, a note in COUNTRY LIFE referring to the Cromwell relics probably not arriving at Chequers until after the middle of the eighteenth century produced a rejoinder from the representative of the Russells of Chequers stating

at Chippenham. There were already several children, including the new baby baronet, Sir William; but some months later Frances Cromwell, still young, but twice a widow, gave birth to a posthumous son who was named after his father. There had already been a Russell connection with India, the Treasurer of the Navy having made money in overseas adventures and becoming a "free brother" of the East India Company of 1609. This may account for his grandson being elected a factor of its more important successor under William III.

Born in 1670, John Russell reached Bengal in 1694, and twenty years later he returned home as an ex-governor. Soon after he got to India Sir Charles Eyre became Governor of what was then called Fort William, and had with him his sister Rebecca. The young factor was agreeable to her,



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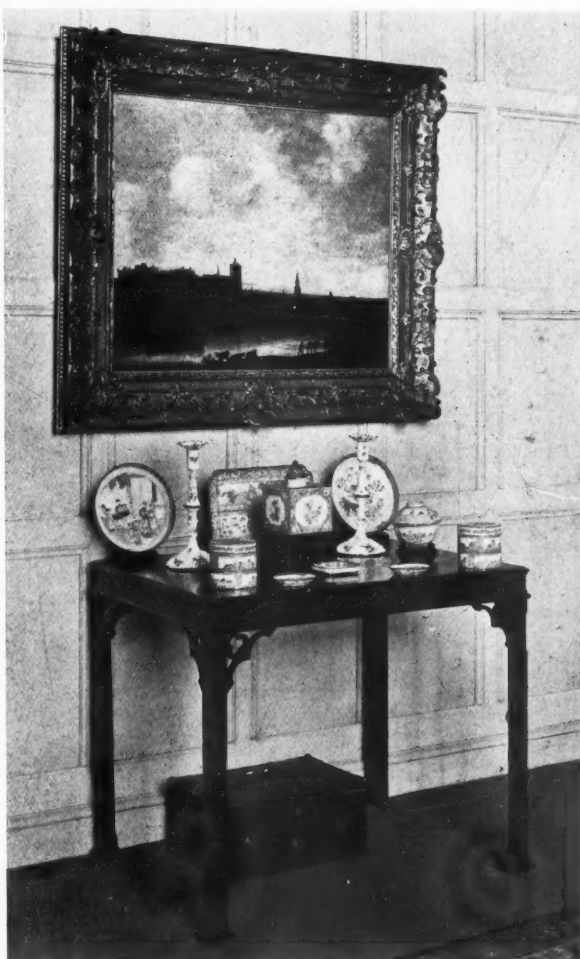
4.—THE WHITE PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and they were married in 1697. She gave him a son and two daughters before she died in the closing year of her husband's Indian career. That career was successful without brilliancy or great events. In 1704 we find John Russell a member of the Council, or court of management, holding the office of export warehouse keeper. Two years later he has got the superior office of book-keeper and is senior member of the Council after the two chairmen. In 1709 he is one of the chairmen, and when Anthony Wellden is recalled after a governorship of only a few months, Russell succeeds him by seniority. As an old servant of the Company he was very conservative in his views, and we hear that "during his rule of two years and nine months he either could not or would not introduce any great changes," such as the Court of Directors at home were suggesting. "But Russell had no mind for such schemes. Thus Calcutta was left for the next fifty years with a fort which was really no fort, which made 'a very pompous show to the water side by high turrets of lofty buildings, but had no real strength or power of defence.'" Throughout his governorship Russell was in failing health, which may partly account for his inactivity, which the Court, far from deeming "masterly," highly disapproved, and he was recalled at the beginning of 1614. He reached home to find his mother still alive.

Lady Russell died an octogenarian in 1721, having not only outlived all her own generation of Cromwells and Russells, but also her eldest son, the fourth baronet. Already impoverished, he had spent what yet remained to him in raising troops to aid in the Revolution which brought William III to the throne in 1688. He thereupon sold Chippenham to his namesake of the Bedford family, Edward Russell, Admiral of the Blue, and Earl of Orford. Like his father, he died young, leaving two sons, of whom the elder succeeded him but died in 1738, while the younger one followed the footsteps of his uncle John, and going out to Bengal, had risen to be a member of the Council when he died as Sir Francis, sixth baronet, in 1750.

It was the summer of 1714 when Governor Russell and his three children reached England; and twelve months later, being then of "Duke Street, St. James," he married Joanna Revett of Chequers. As her daughter-in-law's guest, Frances Cromwell may, in her last years, have known Chequers; for, with the marriage of Governor Russell to widow Revett Chequers certainly became the home centre of the now landless Russells. To the young Revetts the young Russells were now added. Of the latter, the boy Charles was then about fifteen. He had an elder and a younger sister; the latter, on growing up, married



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5.—IN THE WHITE PARLOUR.

"C.L."

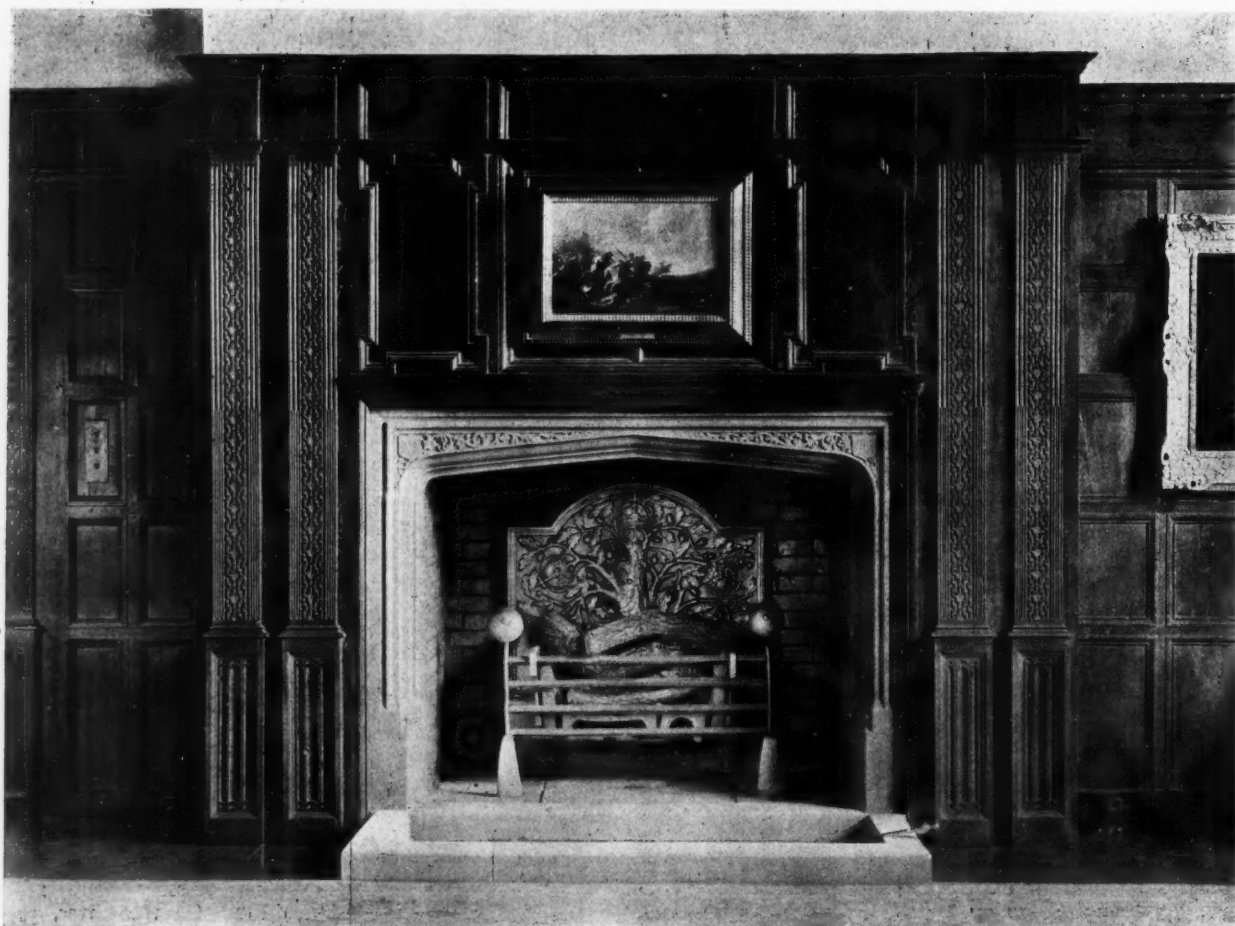
(The picture is by Van Goyen.)



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6.—THE DINING-ROOM.

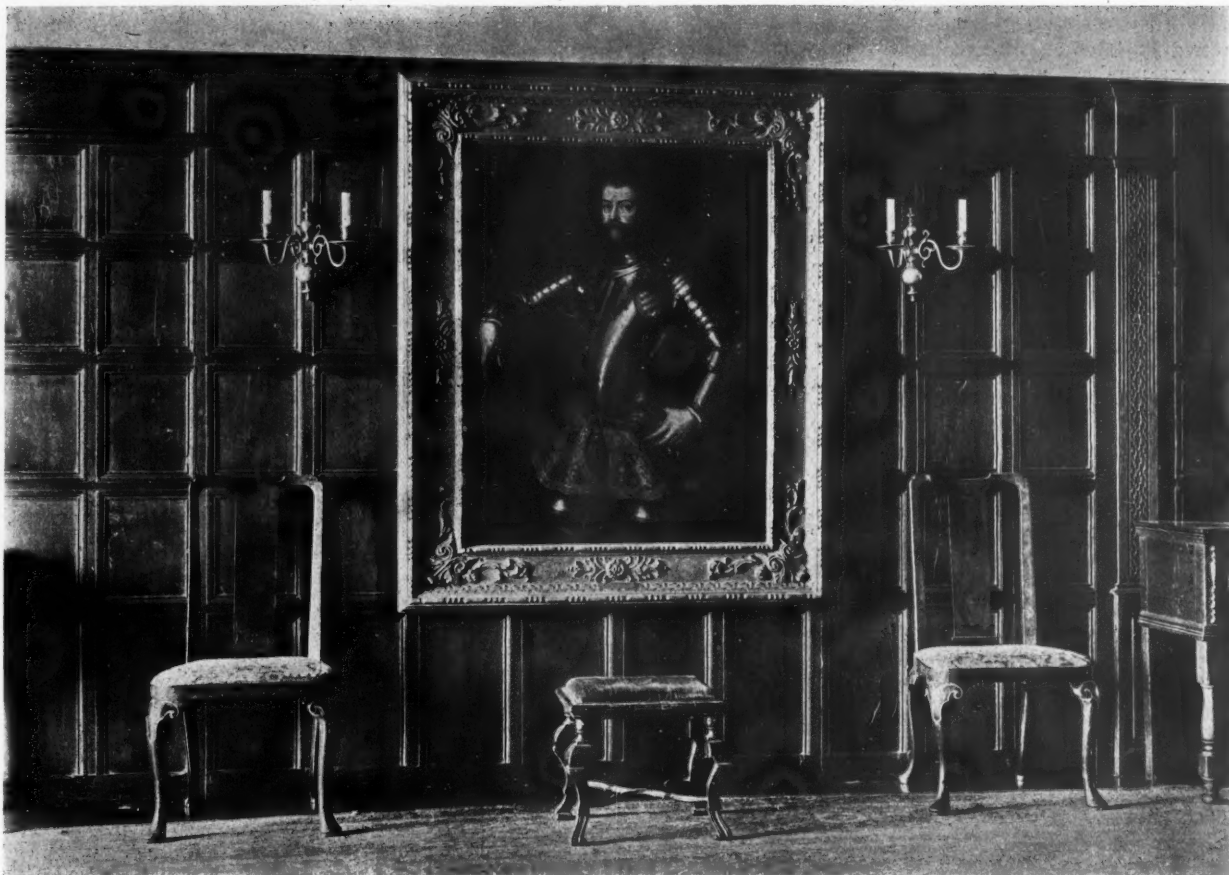
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7.—THE DINING-ROOM—MANTELPIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—DOSSO DOSSI'S DUKE OF FERRARA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Samuel Greenhill, and thus was mother of a nineteenth century owner of Chequers. That seemed unlikely enough in her early days at Chequers, to the heir of which her elder sister became wife, for the intercourse of the two families of children led to double nuptials. John Revett married Frances Russell, who therefore really did seem likely to become "mistress there," while his sister, Joanna Cutts Revett, married Charles Russell. It seems to have been a most united family. They were twice depicted, one of these groups appearing in the illustration of the entrance hall last week. The central figure is a cow—dairying, if elegantly done, being then fashionable with young ladies in England as it was later with Marie Antoinette at the Trianon. Governor Russell is absent, but his wife and their two families, down to the Greenhill baby, surround the milk-giver in expectation of a warm "syllabub." The other picture is much the same, but the cow is absent and the Governor present. His Indian legacy of ill health took him to Bath, where he died in 1735. But Joanna Thurbarne, again a widow, continued for another eighteen years to hold Chequers, where her elder son took the lead and managed matters. Other members of the family were apt to congregate there, and loved it, as all who have been connected with this charming and sympathetic place have ever, and still do, love it. Charles Russell and his wife, indeed, seem to have had their own little place at Missenden;

but he was a soldier, and with the outbreak of the Austrian Succession War in 1742 the peace which England had enjoyed for thirty years came to an end. When Charles Russell goes with our "expeditionary force" to the Continent his wife and the babies join her mother and brother at Chequers, where she sits much in the gallery and relates in many a letter addressed from the gallery to "Monsieur Russell, Lieut. Colonel dans le premier Regim^t des Gardes de sa

M. B. au Quartier General de l'Armée Britannique" all the incidents of a happy, pure home-life, over which hangs but one cloud—the absence of the adored husband in a far off land on dangerous duty. And much danger of death or capture did the Colonel of the Guards run in the summer of 1743. The British Army lay at Aschaffenburg, on the Main, but their stores were much lower down the river at Hanau; and when George II joined the force in June, he found it "wanting bread," while a larger French army under Noailles lined the opposite bank of the river with batteries and, crossing over by Dettingen, half way between Aschaffenburg and Hanau, barred the way of the English to their necessary and only source of food. How the French "mouse-trap" failed through the rashness of Grammont, who held Dettingen impregnable had he waited to be attacked instead of attacking, is a matter of well known history, popularised by the action of the King, who, when his horse bolted to the rear, parted company with it



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9.—CABINET IN DINING-ROOM.

"C L."

and, "with sword still drawn, resumed his forward position, feeling confident that his legs would never disgrace him by retreat." Thus the British broke through and reached the Hanau nosebag, whence Colonel Russell, in the following month, writes to his wife:

I begin to think it a long time since I heard from that Dear delightful place, sweet Checquers, where nothing but joy and tranquility Health & pleasure can ever reign, no Situation I yet have seen but what comes short of it: I hope you have now a share of the fine Weather we have return'd to us & surely then nothing can equal the charm you daily enjoy: I own I am happy in the thoughts that the

Charles Russell had already paid the penalty of the unhealthiness of foreign service in those unhygienic days. Leading his battalion of the Guards, he had, in 1745, passed safely through the ordeal of Fontenoy, where, to the amazement and confusion of the great, strongly posted French army, the Duke of Cumberland had ordered the British infantry to charge. Remembering the Dettingen success, a young officer of our Guards—one of Charles Russell's subalterns, perchance—when within speaking distance

doffed his hat to the French Guards and begged them to delay before swimming the Scheldt as they had done the Main two years before.

The French retort was powder and shot, but in a moment, the British levelled their muskets, and the relentless fire that was their tradition and their habit once more did its work.

The peace of 1748 did not end Charles Russell's soldiering. Minorca was then ceded to England and he was sent there in command of the 34th Regiment of Foot. "Attending of which in the Island of Minorca he contracted a disorder of which he died, Nov. 20, 1754," as we learn from his epitaph in Kew Church. That eighteenth century edifice was largely built by his uncle, Sir Charles Eyre, who, on ceasing to be Governor of Fort William in 1701, had bought a house and land on the green, and, taking a wife, settled down to domestic happiness. Dying in 1729, he left the Kew property and other means to his widow for her life with remainder to his nephew, Charles Russell, who succeeded to it in 1735, and thus, in a modest way, became a property owner, although Checquers was never his. His death, followed by that of his cousin in 1757, made his son "Johnny" a baronet at the age of sixteen. He seemed likely to be a poor one. His grandmother and her sons were still alive, and his inheritance was of a very presumptive kind. But



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10.—THE GREAT HALL GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Dear Babys are there & can often fancy I can see 'em tumbling up and down the Hills.

One of these babies, then two years old, was to become, not only owner of Checquers, but head of his family as eighth baronet. With him at Checquers was his little cousin, heir-apparent to the title. The father, on his brother's death in Ireland in 1738, had, as we have seen, succeeded to the empty honour, but remained at Fort St. George; while ample, hospitable Checquers housed his child "Billy," who comes bravely through the smallpox in 1744. Six years later Billy becomes seventh baronet, but dies an unmarried lieutenant of the Guards in 1757. Colonel

the year 1763 proved fatal to the Revett family, for both John and James then died, and a month or two later the old lady, the Sergeant-at-Law's daughter who had held the estate for over half a century was also laid to rest, and her daughter Mrs. Russell was her heir. But her days, also, were numbered, and in 1764 the young baronet became lord of Checquers. He was then a B.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, and a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, and it is ten years before he settles down to matrimony. One of his greatest friends was John Holroyd of Sheffield Park, afterwards Lord Sheffield, a noted country gentleman and agriculturist, with whom he carries on a lively correspondence, relying

largely on his advice for estate management and farming. To him in 1774 he announces his engagement to Catherine Carey, approved by her parents, General and Mrs. Carey, despite his "narrow income for the present." The combined Kew and Chequers properties did not apparently bring great affluence, for he says: "I am & ever must be very poor. But I intend to be very happy." During his bachelorhood Chequers was let, but he proposes living there when the tenants leave in 1775. Visiting it he finds "everything so very, very bad & as one cannot do things cleverly at a distance I am afraid I must carry my Delicate little Girl into a house full of dirt and rags for sometime before we can possibly help ourselves." Delicate the little wife unfortunately proved to be. We hear of frequent illness during the next few years, and at last, in December, 1782, Holroyd receives from his friend the despairing cry, "She is gon." His own death quickly followed that of his beloved Kitty, although we hear that it was not from a broken heart, but from eating too much melon at Broome in Kent. His two sons had each a short period of possession, and when the younger one, Sir George, passed away in 1804 the male line of Russell of Chequers was extinct.

Sir John and his Kitty, being none too rich in this world's goods, did not do more than repair the fabric and fittings of the Elizabethan house which he inherited. It is clear from record and tradition that wainscot and tapestry lined the walls. The "Gothic taste" of the successors of the male line of Russell played havoc with this, and it has been the effort of Sir Arthur and Lady Lee to make Chequers what it was when Sir John and Kitty had set it right after the tenancy, mending and cleaning and rearranging all they found of fixtures and furniture, pictures and china, and also adding pieces of their own date. Nearly all this, fortunately, remains—some rescued from attic and lumber-room, some still cherished through the nineteenth century. It is therefore the interior of the Chequers of the Hawtreys and of the Russells, rather than that of Greenhills and Franklands, that the accompanying illustrations show. The white parlour (Fig. 4) is, as it seems always to have been, the boudoir of the mistress, and cannot be very different from what Kitty Russell made it, for, surely, the delightful early Sheraton sofa and armchairs were a present to her from her husband. With their slim, round, fluted legs and carved arms cleverly dividing behind the pad to add strength to the frame, they are a good and unusual English rendering of the Louis XVI style. If the cabinet was not there in her time its contents were. The East India Company carried on our trade with China in the eighteenth century, and it was through them



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"C.L."

12.—SETTEE COVERED IN TAPESTRY. CIRC. 1680.



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"C.L."

11.—THE MATHEMATICIANS—REMBRANDT.

(From the Ashburnham Collection.)

that oriental porcelain, whether vases and objects for ornament or services for use, came plentifully to English country homes. Chequers is rich in it, dating no doubt from the time of Governor Russell. At the other end of the room (Fig. 5) the Chinese fret Chippendale table belongs to the later days of Joanna Thurbarne, in whose girlhood, and probably purchased by her father or step-mother, the last of the Crokes, must have come several of the fine cabinets with gilt stands so fashionable under the last Stewarts and the Orange Prince. The principal one (Fig. 9) stands in the dining-room and is, of course, Italian. It has an ebony frame mounted in ormolu and with figure subjects painted on the drawer and cupboard panels. The gilt stand is English of the close of the seventeenth century, when Gibbons had made winged and kissing boys floating amid flower and foliage, swag and garlands universally fashionable. In the gallery of the Great Hall (Fig. 10) we have a simpler cabinet principally of tortoiseshell with a similar if smaller stand, while beyond is seen one of the lacquer chests that we connect with John Russell's rule at Fort William. In William Hawtreys "Great Chamber" (Figs. 2 and 3) above his hall, "Gothic" frippery has given way to wall-linings of that excellent inlaid character which Elizabethans loved and which Bess of Hardwick introduced lavishly both there and at Chatsworth. The dining-room (Fig. 6) exhibits a simpler edition of the same style, and here we see some of the gems of Sir Arthur Lee's own collection of pictures. The man in armour (Fig. 8) is a Duke of Ferrara, painted by Dosso Dossi *circa* 1500, while the little panel to the left is an exquisite Rubens, for the boys heaving up a great garland have all his liveliness and vigour and none of his coarseness.

Over the mantelpiece (Fig. 7) is a cavalry charge by Esias Van de Velde—father of William the sea painter—and the depth and richness of the lighting, as well as the freedom of the brushing show one where his pupil Rembrandt first learnt the manner of which he afterwards became the unrivalled exponent. Among the great master's *chef d'œuvres* was a famous example renowned and engraved in the eighteenth century belonging to the Earls of Ashburnham. That is now one of the glories of Chequers. The illustration (Fig. 11) shows its character and some of its power and charm, but to enjoy its marvels of drawing and technique it must be seen in the Great Hall (Fig. 1), where it is worthily placed. In the Great Hall, besides many a Croke and Hawtreys canvas, are further masters of Sir Arthur's gathering—a Gainsborough and a Sir Joshua among them. The Great Hall itself is frankly new. Much of William Hawtreys central court had been enclosed and roofed before Sir Arthur's advent. But it was poorly and uncomfortably done, and it has been entirely replanned and rebuilt from designs by Mr. Reginald Blomfield with good results, both as to the spacious room itself and its fine screen and tapestried gallery (Fig. 10).

But so much more of Chequers yet remains to be written and illustrated that the theme must be resumed next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

IN THE GARDEN

PLANTS FOR SHRUBBERY EDGES.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

WHEN flowers are waning as autumn draws on one is the more thankful for the plants of good foliage that were carefully considered and placed in the spaces that are so often neglected between clumps of shrubs and turf. Of course, shrubs

may be planted so that they fill cut to the grass, but it looks better and is much more interesting if a space is left and well planted with things of handsome foliage. The first to be considered are the *Megaseas*, as they hold their leaves all the winter. Of these the most effective are the major form of *M. cordifolia* and *M. ligulata*. The flower of *M. cordifolia* major, or *purpurea*, is of a rank magenta pink, and those who possess a tender eye for colour will be apt to cut it out, though it is just tolerable in some colour combinations. But *M. ligulata* has a flower of a tender and beautiful pink which is enhanced by the almost scarlet stalks. Both bloom early in the year, *M. ligulata* rather the earlier of the two. There is a low-growing perennial Aster, *A. corymbosus*, that is not showy enough to take a place in the special Aster borders, but that is a charming plant at a shrubbery edge. It has dark, wiry, angular stems and myriads of small, starry white flowers. The flowers are thin in detail, but have an extremely pretty nebulous effect in the mass. We usually have it intergrouped with the large *Megasea*, though it is shown alone in the group photographed.

To go back to plants with larger leaves, the *Funkias* are among the best, and, for preference among the several kinds, *F. grandiflora*, with bright green leaves, and *F. Sieboldii*, whose leaves are larger and glaucous. Another very useful plant of large foliage, quite strangely neglected in gardens, is *Nordmannia cordifolia*, otherwise known as *Borago orientalis*.

The large cordate leaves are brilliantly green with a dark middle vein, and a well established clump has a singularly prosperous appearance. It seems to defy all insect attacks, for the leaves are rarely bitten or in any way disfigured.

Where there is a fair-sized space in the front of shrubs there is an opportunity of showing off the beauty of *Acanthus*. There are several kinds known in gardens, but the best is *A.*



ASTER CORYMBOSUS BETWEEN SHRUBS AND TURF.

spinosus. The commoner kind, *A. mollis*, with its handsome variety *latifolius*, is also a fine plant with broader leaves, but it lacks the distinction and crisp "drawing" of its congener *A. spinosus*. The spiny character is so much intensified in *A. spinosissimus* that the beauty of its build is almost lost in the multiplicity of detail—one can think of nothing but the prickles.

Where there is a rather wider space, groups of flowering plants may well be placed in addition to these for foliage, as in the case of the group of *Phloxes* shown in the second picture. This is backed by the great *Yew* cat, whose form would have been more distinct but that the photograph was taken before

the time of its yearly trimming. It is not a garden where topiary work is practised or cared for, but a group of *Yews* happened to take a form so suggestive of this treatment that it has been accepted. The colossal creature has a fine effect when seen from the further side of the lawn, though it is near so much other dark foliage that it is never obtrusive.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WEEDS ON A GRAVEL DRIVE.

SIR,—Only last week I used a weed-killer supplied by the Country Gentleman's Association (Letchworth) on a gravel drive in close proximity to some ponds where there are various species of ducks, which often walk about on the drive, and none has suffered any ill-effects. I shut up all the poultry for twenty-four hours and if any worms come to the surface they are picked up and burnt. I also take care not to allow some dogs to be let out on that side of the



MEGASEA AND NORDMANNIA WITH PHLOXES AT A SHRUBBERY EDGE.

house during the day on which the weed-killer is used. The drive was becoming covered with mosses and weeds, but in five days it had become quite clean and was free of these growths. Every year

I use the mixture in one part or another with excellent results, and find that with thoughtful precautions all is well.—HUBERT D. ASTLEY.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Diaz, by David Hannay. "Makers of the Nineteenth Century." (Constable, 6s. net.)

THIS book is not merely the life-story of Diaz—the longest to hold office and the most successful of the Presidents of Mexico—it is the story of the Republic itself. The author does not, it is true, record the history of its conquest by the Spaniards or delve into that remoter and more mysterious past out of which have come to us strange legends of Aztecs and Incas, of human sacrifices and treasure cities. He shows how inexorably the traditions of Old Spain and the fundamental outlook of those first conquerors set their seal upon "the kingdom of New Spain," and are bearing fruit to this very day.

The creed of the Spaniards of that time, the time of the Inquisition, could be summed up in the author's own words, "What the King wills is the law. What the Church propounds is the truth." Resting comfortably and undoubtedly upon that double belief there was no need for them to think or act for themselves in questions of either government or religion. That creed was with them as "the gospel of your Majesty's sacred person" and the ever-present "Verboten" are with the German of to-day, it was to be accepted without suspicion. The Spanish idea of colonisation was also singularly akin to the German, since it was, before all things, an idea of exploiting the new possession for the benefit of the old country, an idea which must inevitably lead to such treatment of the native peoples as roused the missionary bishop's protest at a recent Labour conference when the question of handing back the conquered German colonies was on the *tapis*.

That a colony so founded and administered would speedily fall to pieces if once the guiding principle gave way was only to be expected, and when the great Empire of Spain toppled to its overthrow and Mexico declared her independence in 1820, that independence proved to be only another name for anarchy. The author thus sums up the state of affairs:

If a revolution is the substitution of one Government by another, then the declaration of independence did not accomplish a revolution in Mexico. It was simply a formal recognition of the already patent fact that the only principle of government known to the Mexicans of all shades was dead, and that nothing was left save the innate gregarious instincts of the human animal.

There had already been ten years of guerilla warfare, the country was full of armed bands, and for the next thirty-five years the history of Mexico is one of pure anarchy, in which president succeeded president at "the rate of about one a year." From the midst of the turmoil the names "Federalist" and "Centralist" stand out as landmarks. The former had dreams of a constitution like that of the United States; the latter felt that the only hope lay in a strong central authority. The career of Diaz—who at the end of the thirty-five years began to take part in affairs—goes far to prove that the latter were right.

Porfirio Diaz was born in 1830 at Oaxaca, of a poor but hardworking father, and a mother who was half Indian. He lost his father while still a boy, and was reared in the midst of great poverty, his only influential friend being the Canon Dominguez, his godfather, who desired him to enter the Church. Diaz insisted upon taking up law instead, and had passed his first examination when, in 1853, he began to mingle in the troubled and bloodstained life of his country in the revolt against the then president, Santa Ana.

It is not possible, of course, to follow him here through those long years of struggle, of alternating victory and failure, or to recount even a few of the astonishing episodes which make the modern history of Mexico read like a romance of older and wilder days. There are, for instance, the French intervention and the ill-fated Archduke Maximilian; the two months' siege of Puebla, in which Diaz fought hand to hand with the enemy in house to house fighting; the disaster to "the first brigade of the Oaxaca contingent," who, throwing down their convoy of gunpowder in the barn in which they had been told to bivouac, and lighting a fire to cook by, blew themselves up with all their belongings.

As one follows the author through these pages one realises something of the problems which confront anyone who would administer this country—four times the size of France, and peopled by so many races—pure Spaniard, pure Indian, the half-caste descendants of both races, not unmingled with the negro strain, as well as settlers from other countries, mostly attracted by the hope of gain; a country with no financial soundness, and cursed by pulque as even Russia was never cursed by vodka or England by gin.

Of his hero the author can only say, as the great Hebrew king said of himself, that he was a man of blood from his youth upward, but the time came when he emerged as sole and accepted ruler, and for twenty-seven years he governed Mexico, President of the Republic in name, but actually Dictator. That even after so long a period insurrection flamed up again, and his work seems to have had little, if any, permanent result, the author attributes to the fact "that he had not to his hand the elements with which more could be done"—to the fact, in a word, that Mexico is still what she is. Whether they agree with that verdict or not readers must decide for themselves, but none will deny that the old president, escorted into exile by faithful soldiers who would not suffer him to be insulted or molested, is a pathetic figure, or that his death in Paris, just as the world war was beginning to throw its shadow over all other considerations, ended a career which is full of interest and romance.

An Imperial Obligation, by Thomas H. Mawson. (Grant Richards, 4s. 6d. net.)

IN presenting a scheme for creating industrial villages for partially disabled soldiers and sailors Mr. Mawson very justly describes our care of those who are maimed in the country's service as an Imperial obligation. Everyone will agree that there is no project which promises relief and restoration for them but must be explored with the utmost sympathy. The author's idea is to gather into little communities those whose capacity for manual employment has been seriously reduced, and to equip their little villages with electrical power so that factory processes may be carried on in the workers' homes and in small workshops of specialised design, as well as in factories of the usual type. Coupled with this acceptance of an industrial basis would be the establishment of specialised handicrafts of an artistic nature and the provision of an agricultural belt for those whose experience or taste indicated work on the land. Such colonies would be a suburban extension of a town, an enlargement of a village, or a new and self-contained village planned *ad hoc*. The proposal has obvious attractions and presents interesting possibilities to the architect and town-planner, but it needs searching examination. It is fair to ask whether it is in the interest of the disabled men to segregate them as a class apart; whether, in fact, it is not better to re-absorb them into the general community, provided always that we make it our business to ensure them employment and housing of a suitable kind and financial resources large enough to soften the sting of physical disability as far as may be. There is a doubtful element in the idea of a maimed community cut off from their able-bodied fellows, set down in a consciously trim architectural scheme, the subject of enquiry and the bourne of visits by the professional philanthropist. That the project would be costly is nothing to its discredit. Money will be and must be forthcoming, and, if it were wisely spent, such villages might well become self-supporting. It is understood that a committee of business men is enquiring into the details, and their report will be awaited with interest. We hope they will take the opinion of the men concerned and of their wives. It would not be surprising if many of them preferred to make their new start among their own people, rather than in a new community where every other inhabitant would be a reminder of a common misfortune.

Summer, by Edith Wharton. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THIS is one of those rare stories of which we feel that the happenings are inevitable, that it is truly a biographical record of fact more than a work of fiction. We may regret that such and such things happen to Charity Royall, Mrs. Wharton's heroine, but not with any sense of blaming the author of *Summer* for having so constructed her plot. Charity lived in a sleepy New England village where the one monument of culture was the Hatchard Library erected in memory of a dead and gone literary light who had never been very luminous. Of this library Charity was the careless and haphazard custodian, and here she met the young city architect who afterwards became her lover. The story, as a story, is commonplace enough, painful, sordid. Charity's marriage to her guardian, Lawyer Royall, though it might save her from open shame and promise her tolerable comfort for herself and her child, is scarcely an ideal arrangement, even though it is possible that Royall might live up to the better side of his character once she was his own and a pitiful comprehension of each other's frailties and virtues had made them friends. But the completeness with which we are enabled to understand the confused gropings of Charity's ignorant and passionate soul is not commonplace,

nor the clearness with which certain scenes remain in the memory, nor the absolute conviction the book leaves that we have realised the village of North Dormer and its people as they *are* and Charity as she *is*. The fact that Charity's story has, in a sense, no ending, works out to nothing, is an element of the book's strength. There is something almost terrible in the sense it conveys that the strongest emotion, passion, love or hate, becomes at last negligible beneath the pressure of the small facts of everyday life.

The Graphic Arts of Great Britain: Text by Malcolm Salaman. (Special Number of *The Studio*, 5s. net.)

Modern Water-Colour, by Romilly Fedden. (Murray, 6s. net.)
EVEN with the lavish illustration of a *Studio* special number it is difficult to cover drawing, line-engraving, etching, mezzotint, aquatint, lithography,

wood engraving and colour painting without giving an impression of marked scrappiness. Mr. Salaman, dealing with English drawing from Gainsborough to Orpen in six pages, appears as a good man struggling with adversity, but his comments are neat and readable and sufficiently explain the range of typical illustrations in the eight branches of graphic art. In *Modern Water-Colour* Mr. Romilly Fedden lets himself go in many sprightly passages, not only on the art which he practises himself, but concerning the appreciation of pictures. "A fine draughtsman is a rare genius, but most of us can learn to become sound draughtsmen if only we will take the trouble." It is doubtful whether most of us are well advised to practise any sort of art without a more authentic impulse than the readiness to take trouble, but for those who are concerned with water-colour Mr. Fedden's common-sense about his art will be useful and stimulating.

CORRESPONDENCE

BUILDING AFTER THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The thoughtful letter of Mr. R. F. Bailey on the above subject in your issue of September 29th, 1917, should receive careful consideration. Of course, the Peabody Buildings, many of which can be examined in London, form, as it were, the egg from which Mr. Bailey's much more perfect scheme is a development, suggested on the lines of the residential flats, now so greatly favoured by the wealthy class. In order to ensure financial success for such a scheme it seems to me essential that each establishment of the kind should be *large, well organised, economically run and built* and, above all, *full* from the date of opening. It is not essential that it should accommodate the poor. A great service would be rendered to the State if such establishments gave a comfortable home to a number of the better paid among the labouring classes, whether single or married, and probably it would be found preferable to provide separate buildings for (1) single men, (2) spinsters, (3) families, because it would simplify the situation in each case both as regards design and superintendence. Much would depend on the latter, and the appointment should be placed in the hands of the inmates, the accountant only being appointed by the proprietors, who should be satisfied with a 5 per cent. dividend per annum, any excess being devoted to the benefit of the inmates, as decided by a committee elected by them annually for that purpose. One great advantage in such a scheme was not mentioned by Mr. Bailey, viz., that mothers of families would be enabled to leave them during the day and take employment. As ground space is so valuable in all our large towns, such mansions should be skyscrapers of American pattern, and provided with rapid lifts constantly running. In the country such an establishment might be of an entirely different architectural design, without lifts, and provided with stairs like the Peabody Buildings. Pray, sir, encourage further correspondence on Mr. Bailey's proposal.—J. T. B.

A MACHINE TO SUPERSEDE THE PLOUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Permit me to say a few words in reply to the letters under the above heading in your issue of September 22nd, which I have only just seen. Your correspondent Mr. H. P. Turner says of the disc plough that it requires a great deal more power than the ordinary plough. This, however, is hardly the case. Deep ploughing in heavy land is generally done with it in America, where it is considered by the best authorities to require rather less power than the mould-board types for the same area of cut, and the disc plough in many conditions of soil practically does the work of the plough and cultivator in one and leaves the ground level. With regard to Mr. S. O'Dwyer's remarks, I entirely agree with him that what is really needed is a better tilth, to which I would add deeper ploughing, with a systematic breaking up of the subsoil without lifting it to the surface; and would direct attention to a subsoil plough system which is making rapid headway in America. This system consists in using a sort of double plough one share above the other, with an aperture between them. The under plough sets slightly in advance of the other, and turns over the subsoil through the aperture beneath the cut taken by the upper share, just as the soil has been raised. It is claimed that greatly improved results in crop yield are obtained, and instances are recorded where the increase has equalled 100 per cent.—H. S.

BURIED EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to your correspondents on this subject to know that the Chinese have a custom of burying eggs for preservation, which has been handed on for generations. These are looked upon as a great delicacy by the natives of China, and when I was on a visit to Canton the head boy of the household was told to procure one, which I was expected to eat. Not being over fond of eggs at the best of times, I did so, and not, I confess, without some trepidation, but found it quite good! It was cooked hard boiled and seemed somewhat similar to a plover's egg. The yolk had lost its original yellow colour and was rather grey looking, the white being of a rather more opaque whiteness than that of an ordinary egg. The older these eggs are the higher goes the price; the age can range up to a hundred years! Delicacy forbade my enquiring the age and price of the one I was given, but I should fancy it was hardly of such a venerable age as that, but might possibly have been twenty years old or thereabouts. I should fancy these eggs must be deeply buried to last so long, but I could not obtain any particulars of the methods beyond the fact that they are buried by a long-standing custom in each generation.—H. A'C. PENRUDDOCKE, F.R.G.S.

THE IMMIGRATION OF INSECT ALIENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—So many records of the occurrence of the *Convolvulus Hawk* Moth and of other rare lepidoptera have recently been made in your columns and

elsewhere that it may be well to remind general readers of the significance of some of these appearances. During September of the year *Convolvulus Hawk* Moth has been found in most parts of the British Isles, at any rate, on the East Coast. I have beside me Scottish records ranging from the Shetland Isles to Berwickshire; and English discoveries carry the series south to the Channel and west to Gloucester and North Wales. Now, in face of these records, the curious fact arises that the *Convolvulus Hawk* Moth does not breed in Britain, where only rare larvæ have been found, and where few adult insects have ever been known to leave native chrysalides save under exceptional conditions. Whence then come the *Convolvulus Hawk* Moths we have been finding in such numbers? We are driven to assume that they are immigrants from the Continent. Other lines of evidence strengthen the assumption. Hawk moths are exceedingly swift and strong on the wing. Furthermore, examples actually have been seen at sea on their journey; one such was captured some years ago on a sail fishing boat forty miles off the Orkney Islands, and several specimens have been taken at Scottish lighthouses. Nor can there be any doubt of the Continental provenance of the large number of *Convolvulus Hawk* Moths which, thirty or forty years ago, were washed up by the waves on the coast of Yorkshire. Every year representatives of this species visit us from Europe, but the immigration of 1917 has been unusual for its size and distribution. The Death's Head Hawk Moth stands in similar case to the *Convolvulus*, for although it probably passes through all the stages of its life history more frequently in England than does its relative, the majority of British specimens are undoubtedly immigrants from the Continent.—JAMES RITCHIE.

THE LATE MR. F. E. R. FRYER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. F. E. R. Fryer, whose death at the age of sixty-eight is announced, was one of that band of University cricketers who in the early 'seventies held a prominent place in amateur cricket. During the twenty years before the war instances of undergraduates being chosen for the Gentlemen against the Players had become uncommon. But five-and-forty years ago one might find half a dozen men playing in the Oxford and Cambridge Match who could hardly be left out of the best amateur side in the country. Famous contemporaries in University cricket of the late Mr. Fryer were W. Yardley, C. J. Ottaway, B. Pauncefoot, W. H. Hadow, W. B. Money, W. Law, C. K. Francis, S. E. Butler, A. W. Ridley, E. F. S. Tylecote, G. H. Longman and others, all great names in their time. As amateur batsmen they possessed the striking advantage of being in the same team as W. G. Grace, then in the zenith of his extraordinary powers, and well able to remove most of the sting from the best bowling of the day. Then in 1873, the year that Fryer first appeared for the Gentlemen, the superiority of the amateurs, a superiority mainly due to the presence of the champion, was never more clearly shown before or since. There were three matches—at Lord's, the Oval and Prince's—and the professionals were beaten by an innings and 55 runs, an innings and 11 runs, and an innings and 54 runs. The Gentlemen averaged rather over 30 for every wicket lost, the Players averaged 13, and the three innings played by W. G. Grace were 163, 158 and 70, or an average of 130 per innings. Fryer played again in 1874 and 1875, but, considering how good a bat he was, he was unlucky on big occasions, his best score for the Gentlemen being 25, and against Oxford 46, in 1872, the year when Yardley made 130 and Powys rattled the Oxford side out with his fast left-hand bowling. Fryer was in the Harrow Elevens of 1867 and 1868. In both seasons Eton were very strong, and Harrow did well to draw one match and win the other. In his second year Fryer made 31 and, not out, 33. He played four years for Cambridge from 1870 to 1873, being captain in his last season. Though, as mentioned, he did little against Oxford, he made plenty of runs for the University in other matches. He was, perhaps, rather a brilliant than a sound batsman, but at his best he must have been a fine player and always attractive to watch. He well deserves a brief mention in *COUNTRY LIFE*, for, cropping early out of first-class cricket, he turned his attention to other sports. A late beginner at golf, he reduced his handicap when he was sixty-four to scratch at Woodbridge in Suffolk, where he lived. He was well known at one time as an archer, and he had the reputation of being one of the finest game shots in the country.—A. C.

AN APPEAL TO HUNTING MEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some months ago you very kindly inserted our appeal for old hunting coats for making ward slippers for the wounded. In response to this appeal we received over seventy hunting coats besides several habits and riding breeches, and from them we have made 440 pairs of slippers, which have

been sent to hospitals at home and abroad. We have now used up every hunting coat, and are in urgent need of more if we are to continue this steady output. We shall be very grateful if you will again insert our appeal, as the demand for slippers is very urgent. Besides hunting coats, habits, old livery, breeches and waistcoats, we should be most grateful for any bits of thick serge and cloth.—P. McMICHAEL, Winscombe Hospital Supply Depot, Somerset.

THE MAIDENHAIR TREE AT BLAISE CASTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of the Ginkgo biloba (maidenhair tree) which stands in these grounds may be thought worth reproducing in your paper. It is generally considered the largest and best grown specimen in



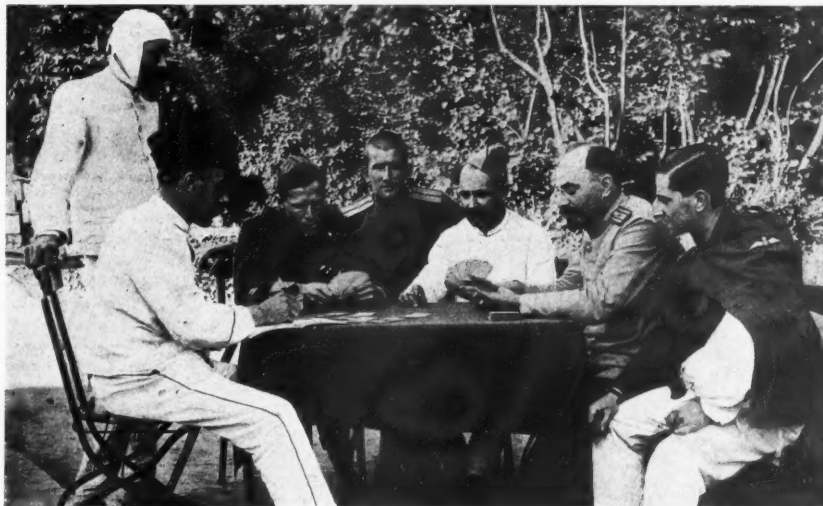
A TREE FROM JAPAN.

the United Kingdom, and is mentioned by Mr. Elwes in his book on British trees. The dimensions, taken by an engineer with a theodolite and tape, are 70ft. high, 10ft. 3ins. girth (at 4ft. 6ins. and 6ft.). Other well known specimens are at Kew and the Bishop's Gardens at Wells. —FREDERIC D. HARFORD. [We have pleasure in publishing this note and illustration of the beautiful and well grown specimen of the maidenhair tree at Blaise Castle. It is undoubtedly one of the finest specimens in the United Kingdom, but we question its claim to be the largest tree of its kind in the country. We are well acquainted with a magnificent tree at Frogmore, Windsor, which in 1904 measured 74ft. in height; doubtless it would have been higher but for the fact that it is divided into four stems. Curiously enough, this tree is said to have been sent over from Japan in the same ship as the Blaise Castle tree and the one at Kew. The tree at Melbury, Dorchester, is said to be the tallest in England, and is stated to be over 80ft. Other famous maidenhair trees are at Longleat (71ft.) and P nshanger (70ft.). The maidenhair tree has long been planted in the vicinity of temples in China, Japan and Corea, but Dr. E. H. Wilson, in all his explorations of Western China, never saw any but cultivated trees, and, strange to relate, the wild habitat of this extremely interesting and beautiful tree is not known for certain.—Ed.]

PRISONERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—This group, taken last July and sent to me by a friend, represents prisoners of war at the Reserve Lazarett III, Johannistal, Stettin. Perhaps you may like to reproduce it in COUNTRY LIFE. Reading from right to left, the first figure is Second-Lieutenant M. M. Kaizer, R.F.C., wounded in left arm; second figure, Dr. Lubetsky (Russian); fourth figure, Dr. Goldberg (Russian); fifth figure, Lieutenant Curlewis, M.C., R.F.C. (South



OFFICERS OF THE ALLIED FORCES. PRISONERS AT STETTIN

Africa), wounded in leg. The third, sixth and seventh figures are French officers whose names my friend was not able to learn. —E. H. A.

A TAME FALLOW DEER.

[THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a tame fallow deer which was found in a hayfield on July 19th, 1916. She was then about a fortnight old. We discovered, however, that she was easy to feed, drinking milk from a bucket.



THE TAME DEER AND HER MISTRESS.

At first she was very wild, and we were doubtful whether she would ever become tame. By the end of a month she was allowed liberty in the garden, spending the night there. Later she was taken into the fields, and by December on to the public road. She is now very tame and does not mind anyone and will even follow a bicycle. In the picture she is seen standing up to reach an apple. At night she stays in the fields and woods, going out and coming in with the cows, and, although there are wild fallow deer in the woods, fortunately she appears to be disinclined to revert to a wild state. I suspect that she does mix with them occasionally, but by daylight she is always back waiting to come in with the dairy cows.—W. RUTLEDGE.

JAPANESE DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While recently at Achnasheen, Ross-shire, I made a special point of visiting Lochrosque on the off-chance of seeing some of the Japanese deer that there find a local habitation. It was exactly thirty years ago that Sir Arthur Bignold received the nucleus of this herd as a gift from Lord Powerscourt, who had, in his turn, imported a few members of this breed from Jamrach. The animals turned out at Lochrosque comprised one buck and four does, and from the first they took very kindly to their new surroundings. They thrived and multiplied, and three years ago I was informed by Sir Arthur that he believed their descendants then numbered from 150 to 200. Although not possessed of a roaming disposition, they have spread themselves far beyond the boundaries of their original home, and it is stated that there are few preserves in Ross-shire in which a specimen has not been seen at one time or another. Coming to the lip of a sweet little corrie, my gaze was gladdened by the sight of five beautiful animals of the kind I wanted. They were within 200yds. or 300yds. of me; and with my glass I had an excellent opportunity of observing and admiring their wonderful symmetry and elegance. They yield scarcely a whit to the agile roe in nappiness, grace and charm. Viewed from a distance, their horns are not unlike those of roe, and the majority of heads display six points. The males shed their antlers in spring, and the females bring forth their young any time between mid-summer and mid-autumn. I had watched the interesting

group for about five minutes when a whiff of treacherous wind conveyed my scent to their ever-open nostrils. Off they instantly went as if pursued by all the hounds of Japanese mythology, for they are more wary and elusive than even the familiar red deer. In size, they are half way between the roe and the red deer, and they live more in the woods than in the open. I have been told that the interesting strangers are fully as hardy as our native cervine breed, and pull through the winter all right without a vestige of hand feeding.—A. H.

HORSES AT THE FRONT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have been very much interested by the various letters with reference to "Horses at the Front" recently appearing in your paper, and I thought probably the enclosed photograph might be of interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It was taken behind the lines in Egypt where there is a large Australian Remount Depot on the desert. Thousands of horses are shipped from Australia and New Zealand, most of them are unbroken, and are broken in on the desert by some of the finest "broncho busters" especially enlisted from our Colonies.—S. A. BROWN.



HORSES FROM AUSTRALASIA BEHIND THE LINES IN EGYPT.

WEASEL AND DUCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other day an Aberdeenshire farmer, hearing an unusual noise in the vicinity of the mill pond, went to investigate, when he was surprised to see a young duck struggling in the water, quacking and flapping its wings, and a weasel clinging to its neck. The duck, in its frantic efforts to shake off the bloodthirsty creature, suddenly dived, with the result that the weasel momentarily relaxed its hold. It seized a fresh hold immediately and clung to the duck, apparently now rather as a means of safety than in attacking its prey. A well directed stone thrown at the weasel sent it from its perch on the back of the duck, which latter made its escape, quickly rejoining its companions. When the weasel, partially stunned, dropped into the water it sank, but rose to the surface several times like a helpless drowning creature before it went down to rise no more. What struck the beholder of this little incident as most surprising was the inability of the weasel to swim. Evidently it had attacked the duck while resting on the bank of the mill pond. Had the weasel succeeded in slaying its victim one naturally wonders how it would have escaped drowning. No doubt it was too intent on sucking the blood of its prey to realise the danger it was bringing almost inevitably upon itself.—J. W.

A WOMAN WHO SERVES HER COUNTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph shows a woman war worker using a very useful weighing machine. She is working for the Forage Department, A.S.C., where women are now replacing practically all the soldiers, and a lady supervisor is shown checking the weight of each bale of hay as it is loaded on to the wagon. This machine is also a transporter as, after each bale is weighed, it is lifted on to the top of the wagon, thus saving a great deal of labour.



WEIGHING HAY FOR THE A.S.C.

The photograph shows the bale going up, which weighs, roughly, 160lb.—S.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE CUCURBITACEÆ.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—There was recently an interesting letter in your pages on the apparent intelligence of the vegetable marrow. The same quality appears to belong to others of the family, and with it one notices a kind of strong-minded determination. The restriction in flower

gardeners that is now being practised suggested the growing of some of the great gourds—the *Potiron rouge* of the French—in an empty border next to some shrubs. The gourds were planted about 15ft. apart with the intention that they should trail along the border, filling the vacant three or four feet between the shrubs and the lawn. But the gourds had other views of their own, and, instead of meekly obeying the guidance given, which was more or less enforced by pegging the sides of the growing vine with sticks, the gourd chose a path of its own, coming forward diagonally on the grass itself. Its determined purpose became so obvious that the attempt to guide it was given up and it was let go its own way. It struck out in a due southerly direction, its neighbour doing exactly the same. It is in a place where I constantly pass, and when I arrive at the point shown in the picture it seems to be wriggling towards me like a vegetable serpent with head slightly reared and tendrils feeling out to lay hold of the grass. The effect of determined advance is uncanny and even slightly alarming.—GERTRUDE JERYLL.



THE STRONG-MINDED GOURD GOES ITS OWN WAY.

THE WIDE, WILD HEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue you mention the probability that farmers will take into arable cultivation the land upon which stand the glorious wide, wild hedges. The land is of the best upon which these fences stand, the loam having been in formation from decayed leaves and vegetable matter for hundreds of years. Indeed, so rich is the soil that country gardeners and cottagers have recourse to the old hedges for potting material for window and other choice plants. It would be a pity to see all the old hedges destroyed, as they are one of the glories of country life, and country folk are proud of them. How beautiful they are at this time of the year set in bracken fern and tall, seeding bents, behind which rises tier upon tier of every wild berry that may be found—blackthorn, sloe, elder, canker, and that other product of the dog-rose, the cushion or rosegall, yewberry, hips and haws, blackberries and all the other berries found on a wild hedge at this season of the year—the top showing a fringe of "bull-nosed cobnuts" browning to ripeness, ready for the Devil's nutting day. Such a soul-filling sight can only be found on the old wide, wild hedge, and if these are lost to us a glory of country life will pass away. I have some such old hedges in my mind as I write, and second only to them are the hillside stone fences, the home and shelter of all our four-footed wild creatures.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.